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CONTENTS

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A Suspicious Panic.....	299	The Management of the Panama Canal	313
The Conservation Congress.....	300	How the United States Acquired the	
A Despotism Charter.....	301	Right to Dig the Panama Canal.....	314
Last Week's Primaries.....	302	Editorial by Theodore Roosevelt	
Death-Traps.....	303	An American Politician in an English	
The Election in Mexico.....	303	Election.....	319
The Liberté Disaster.....	304	By Everett Colby	
Mr. Hichens's Opinions.....	304	The Master Builder—XV. The Death of	
American Poets Classified.....	305	the Master.....	327
The American Academy in Rome.....	305	By Lyman Abbott	
Americans in the Argentine.....	306	The Musical Pharmacy.....	331
Disraeli on the Stage.....	306	By R. H. Schauffler	
Italy Declares War.....	307	Lady Iron-Heels.....	335
The Reciprocity Bill and After.....	308	By N. V. Lindsay	
The Mormonism of To-Day.....	310	The Spectator.....	339
Missions and Unity.....	311	The New Books.....	341
		Letters to The Outlook.....	343
		By the Way.....	348

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OCTOBER 7, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor

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Contributing Editor



A SUSPICIOUS PANIC

Wall Street was the scene last week of one of those fierce onslaughts, often favored by general conditions, but organized in the interests of speculators, which shake the confidence of bona-fide owners of securities and produce a condition of hysteria in which great sacrifices of property are made. This particular disturbance took the form of an onslaught on the United States Steel Corporation, the common stock of which fell ten points and more in two days. The campaign was inaugurated in the usual fashion; disturbing rumors began to be heard, vague at first, coming no one knows whence; then these stories grew more definite, and finally it was announced that the managers of the Corporation were in consultation with the Government and proposed to reorganize so as to bring the Corporation into harmony with the Sherman Anti-Trust Law as interpreted by the United States Supreme Court. Then the stock was hammered down, great quantities were thrown on the market, and heavy losses were sustained by holders ignorant of this kind of buccaneer finance. The disturbance was aided by a misleading report of an interview with the Attorney-General, who finally made a statement to the effect that the Department of Justice was not contemplating an indiscriminate attack on all large corporations; on the contrary, the care and caution with which the law officers of the Government are proceeding to the examination of each case is a guaranty to the country that the Department is proposing not to injure unnecessarily any interest. The Department has pursued the consistent policy of not stating in advance of actual proceedings that an action against any particular party was contemplated in the enforcement of the Sherman Law against combinations which are formed or exist in undue restraint of inter-State commerce or which are attempting monopoly. A careful investigation is being made of all combina-

tions whose size, competition, and control of particular lines of business give rise to a presumption that they are acting in contravention of the Anti-Trust Law. The directors of the Steel Corporation also issued a statement to the effect that no negotiations had taken place between that Corporation and the Department of Justice looking to the dissolution or disintegration of the Corporation; that it was organized for business reasons and purchased its various plants to promote such business, not to restrain trade or secure a monopoly; that it has scrupulously recognized the law and respected the claims of its competitors and its patrons; that its directors are advised that its existence is not in violation of the Sherman Act, and that they are not contemplating any voluntary dissolution or disintegration of the Corporation, nor have they any belief that it is subject to such dissolution or disintegration by legal action.



THE GOVERNMENT ATTITUDE

Speaking at Waterloo, Iowa, last week, President Taft declared that the managers of the great enterprises can expect no cessation of prosecution of violations of the Anti-Trust Law, but affirmed his conviction that business men will make their affairs conform to the law, and urged a cessation of indiscriminate attacks on business enterprises. He declared that it is not a progressive policy to be hostile to the prosperity of any part of the country, and he appealed to citizens to unite to promote business prosperity by putting down these attacks, engendered not by a real desire to eliminate abuses, but by a wish to arouse unjust prejudice. He expressed his conviction that effective control of the railways had been secured; that the Sherman Law had been so defined by the courts that the business community now knows, or ought to know, where it stands; "that the Court

299*

declines to hold that competition is impossible under modern business conditions, but it insists that it must be given full opportunity for operation, and that any combined effort affecting inter-State trade, looking to its suppression, is contrary to law," and that a foundation has been laid for an intelligent revision of the tariff by the work of the Tariff Board, and the way to sound financial legislation has been opened by the deliberations of the National Monetary Commission. The transition from an unsound financial condition to a sound one, involving the reorganization of great business enterprises and the change of method in the management of railways, cannot be effected without some financial disturbance. Attorney-General Wickersham has not been deterred by fear of such disturbance from doing his duty in enforcing the law. But investors will do well to remember that from time to time attempts will be made to halt the course of legislation in the direction of justice and business sanity by creating fear of panic and making a frantic protest against an alleged attack on business prosperity. The legislation which has involved regulation of railways and of great combinations of capital to prevent restraint of trade and monopoly has been in the interest of investors and consumers, and its outcome will be to place property on a sounder basis. All appeals to fear may be looked upon with suspicion; financial safety is to be found in pressing on resolutely to the end, which is not to destroy property, but to conserve it for investors, consumers, and workers alike.



THE CONSERVATION CONGRESS

"The nineteenth-century farmer was, generally speaking, no farmer at all, but a miner, a soil-robber. Speaking generally, there was no farming, nothing but mining. The nineteenth-century farmer sold the stored fertility of ages at the bare cost of mining it." These words, spoken by the venerable Henry Wallace, of Des Moines, President of the National Conservation Congress, suggested the theme for the Congress, which held its third annual session in Kansas City, September 25, 26, and 27. "The Conservation of Soil" was the special topic considered this year. The National Conservation Congress, it will be recalled, virtually originated in the conference of Governors convoked by President Roosevelt in 1908. Its

first session, in Seattle in 1909, considered the question of forests and water power. Last year at St. Paul it discussed public lands. This year it took up the even more important problems of rural life. More than a thousand delegates, from every part of the United States, attended the sessions, which were held in the same convention hall that housed the National Democratic Convention of 1900. Some of the leaders of the Conservation movement were unable to be present. Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, and Mr. James R. Garfield were among those absent. But the programme included several notable speakers, including President Taft, Mr. Bryan, Secretary Fisher, and Dr. H. W. Wiley. Mr. Ballinger, former Secretary of the Interior, made a speech which gives reason for renewed relief at his retirement from office. The Congress was fortunate in obtaining the attendance of experts on the subjects discussed, chiefly members of faculties of State agricultural colleges, which are powerful factors in rural advance throughout the whole of the great Mississippi Valley. The subjects under discussion did not admit of the keen differences of opinion that have attended the sessions in previous years. But the Congress was especially successful in this respect: it attracted a vast amount of attention throughout the Middle West, and focused the thought of farmers on the pressing problems of rural efficiency. In particular two points were emphasized. The first was the necessity of scientific farming to end the appalling soil robbery of the nineteenth century; the second was the need of considering the welfare of women and children on the farms, and so of making rural life attractive. It is not generally recognized how thoroughly the soil of the Nation's greatest farm, the Mississippi Valley, has been exploited in the last half-century. The early settlers found that all they needed to do was to scratch the soil and put in seed. With no rotation of crops, they found they could depend year after year on abundant yields. That condition inevitably led to a repeated planting of the most profitable crop—usually of corn and wheat—and prevented the development of diversified farming. With the development of farming machinery, conditions became worse. For, as President Wallace pointed out, a farmer with a gang-plow and section harrow "could do more soil-robbing in five years than his grandfather could do in his whole lifetime." Then came the necessary result. Yields fell off

and the farmer was confronted with the necessity of falling back on commercial fertilizers, on crop rotation, and on animal husbandry.

REMEDIES: THE FARMER'S WIFE

It was the function of various experts in attendance on the Congress to point out the effective remedy for these conditions. Happily, while the soil may be "mined" until it is worked out, it has possibilities of recuperation that do not exist in the case of the ordinary abandoned mine. Dr. F. B. Mumford, Dean of the Agricultural Department of the University of Missouri, for instance, discussed in great detail the possibility of soil conservation through animal husbandry. The best farmers in the corn belt have long since ceased to export corn except "on the hoof"—fed to stock, that is, and so exported as cattle. Dr. Mumford pointed out that "not only individual farms, but whole communities have been brought up from a condition of exhaustion and unprofitableness to a condition of productiveness by animal husbandry." Other speakers discussed such subjects as acidity of soils, the use of phosphorus, legume culture, and other aspects of the sickness and cure of soils. As the farmer's wife is an equal partner in farm production, it was appropriate that women should have a share in discussing the problems of rural life. One of the interesting addresses of the convention was by Mrs. Harriet Wallace Ashby, of Des Moines, on "The Farmer's Wife." "Washing dishes after a late supper," said Mrs. Ashby, "with a nodding husband in the next room and your nearest neighbor from a quarter to a mile away, does not foster love for the farm. We are insisting that the farm day be shortened and some time be given to the development of the mental and spiritual as well as the physical side of the family." Mrs. Ashby advocated the formation of clubs of farmers' wives, the improvement of rural schools, and the establishing of social neighborhood centers. Other speakers discussed the place of the rural church, agricultural training in schools, the parcels post, good roads, and other methods for making farm life attractive, so that the young people should be content to stay at home instead of being eager to go to the cities. Incidentally, Judge Lindsey, of Denver, touched on the problem of child conservation, and called attention to the anomaly of a system of education that compels a boy in

most cities to commit a crime before he can be taught a trade at State expense; the anomaly that usually confines trade schools to reformatories. A kindred subject was brought up by Dr. Wiley—who received an ovation from a great audience—when he discussed the possibility of saving lives through better sanitation and through pure food laws. President Taft's message was the plan of the Government to co-operate with State and county authorities in placing a farm expert, so far as possible, in every county to study particularly the conditions of soil and climate in that county and act as counselor for the farmers. Such co-operation, the President said, ordinarily would be unwise, but "this subject is so all-compelling, it is one in which all the people are so much interested, that co-operation seems easy." In thus dramatically fixing attention upon the problems of farm life the Congress ought to contribute materially to the work being done by the agricultural colleges in making farming a highly scientific industry, and life on the farm as attractive socially as life amid the glare of the city's lights.

A DESPOTIC CHARTER

Tammany Hall professes to be for "home rule," and yet as soon as it gets into power it puts all the force of its organization behind a scheme that is essentially despotic. Last week the New York Assembly passed a bill which imposes upon the city of New York a new municipal constitution. With the drafting of that constitution (which, since it affects only a city, is called a charter) neither the people of New York City nor the government of New York City have had anything to do. Individual citizens of New York, including the Mayor of the city and officials in municipal and State office, have had a great deal to do with it; but what they have done they have done as individuals and in no way which makes them accountable to the people of the city. Even the terms of the charter are unknown to the great body of the people whose welfare it will affect. There have, it is true, been hearings graciously afforded by the legislative committee in charge of the bill; but the provisions have been subjected to such frequent change that even men who are most interested and deeply concerned have not been able to tell from day to day just what the charter provides. So far as this proposed charter has been understood, it has shown itself an instrument that will

promote inefficiency, corruption, political manipulation, in short, bad government. At present in the government of New York City there is a fairly clear distinction made between the control of administrative machinery and the control of appropriations; and while the executive control is properly concentrated to a very large degree in the Mayor and the respective Borough Presidents, who can be held responsible for administrative efficiency, the control of appropriations, together with other legislative functions, is vested chiefly in what amounts to a commission, in which policies are discussed in open debate. The proposed charter very largely confuses this distinction, and gives to the Mayor powers which no one man ought to have. The provisions in the proposed charter on this score are a defiance of all experience in sound municipal government. Franchises, fruitful source of corruption when put into irresponsible hands, are reposed likewise in the keeping of the Mayor—at least, if the new provisions mean anything, they lessen the chance for popular control of the public highways and the public rights. The educational provisions have been subject to such change that it is difficult to know what their effect when adopted will be. The proposed charter has been vigorously opposed by the Board of Estimate of the city, with the exception of Mayor Gaynor and the Borough President of Queens, who last week was removed from office by the Governor for inefficiency. As we go to press it is uncertain whether the Governor, by an emergency measure, will lend himself to the plan of foisting this charter upon the people of New York. If this charter is finally passed and approved by Governor Dix and Mayor Gaynor, the people of New York City will deserve what they will get if they do not resent at the polls being thus treated as chattels to be used for the profit of Tammany Hall.

THE RESULTS OF LAST WEEK'S PRIMARIES

By the new order of things, the people in certain States themselves choose their candidates for office. Thus the machine politicians are no longer always able to settle that matter in advance, as hitherto. On the surface some of last week's results would hardly indicate this. In New Jersey, for instance, where nominees for the Legislature and local officials were nominated, the "machine," which has flouted public sentiment, was generally successful.

On the other hand, in Massachusetts, where the great question was, Who shall be Governor? the Republican organization had committed itself to a good candidate, and deserved the approval its candidate, Mr. Frothingham, received—a vote of three to one. The real reform brought about by direct primaries lies in the fact that, whatever the result and whatever the criticism of the result, the voters of a party now have a *power* to control the party organization. This was impressively shown in Jersey City, that hitherto boss-ridden town, where the primaries put both the Republican and Democratic machines out of business. The present is said to be the first year when an organization choice was ever defeated for the Jersey City Mayoralty nomination; there is all the greater congratulation, then, in the fact that this year the Progressive candidates of both parties were successful. Additional satisfaction is felt in the victory of Mark M. Fagan, Progressive Republican and three times Mayor of Jersey City, in obtaining the nomination of Sheriff of Hudson County over his Regular rival. As in New Jersey, so in Massachusetts, the new primary law was tried for the first time. In both States the new laws worked well. In Massachusetts political interests centered on the Republican side, for the Democratic Governor Foss had little competition for the renomination. Sentiment means much in Massachusetts, and the Governor expresses a lively confidence that he will live up to the Massachusetts tradition by having a second term. Another Massachusetts tradition is that the Lieutenant-Governor shall be a gubernatorial candidate. This, however, did not discourage Joseph H. Walker, Speaker of the House, and Representative Norman White, from becoming candidates. Sentiment triumphed in the three-cornered fight at the primaries, and Lieutenant-Governor Louis A. Frothingham thus becomes the Republican candidate for Governor. Mr. Frothingham is a Harvard man; he enjoys a wide popularity and confidence. But by far the most stirring primary victory in this or any other year is that across the continent, where, in San Francisco, James Rolph, Jr., President of the Ship-Owners' Association and of the Merchants' Exchange, defeated Mayor McCarthy by a great majority. Coincidentally, the primary vote was the largest ever cast in the city. This marks another interesting transition in San Franciscan

municipal life. We had, not so long since, the dreadful Ruef-Schmitz era. Then followed reform. Then reaction with McCarthy. Now follows reform again.

DEATH-TRAPS

In the recent primary elections in New Jersey, opposite the names of some candidates for the Legislature appeared on the ballots a brief statement of measures they advocate. One such indication of purpose was "Abolish grade crossings." Here is one aspect of an agitation which is gaining ground not only in New Jersey but in other States, and especially in those which have communities close to the metropolis; and New York City itself is still discussing what to do about "Death Avenue," the worst series of grade crossings in the world. How greatly reform as to grade crossings is needed is proved by the figures sent out recently by the National Highways Protective Society. These figures show that in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut during the seven months ending on August 1 last sixty-eight people were killed at grade crossings and sixty-seven people were seriously injured. Compare this—and compare also the estimate that, the country over, about one thousand persons are killed and double the number injured at grade crossings every year—with the fact that in Great Britain there are absolutely no deaths from this cause, for the very simple and conclusive reason that in Great Britain grade crossings are not allowed to exist. It is true that in this country the original conditions of the construction of railways were such that it is not surprising that grade crossings should have been permitted. This does not at all, however, affect the fact that they should be got rid of with the utmost rapidity consistent with fair dealings between State and local authorities and the railways. It may very fairly be argued that the railways should not be called upon to bear the entire cost of the reform, and in some States, we believe, a system exists of compelling the railways to abolish every year a certain number of grade crossings, beginning with the most dangerous. But it should never be forgotten that, while some reforms may properly move slowly, unnecessary loss of life through removable causes is not a matter to dally with. Action—and prompt action—must be had if we are to remove the present almost murderous stigma of grade-crossing calamities from American railway annals.

THE ELECTION IN MEXICO

The Presidential election in Mexico took place last Sunday, and the exact facts as to the result will be known before this paragraph is read. There has been for some weeks no real doubt as to the choice of Madero for the Presidency, and the interest has really centered upon the way in which the elections should be conducted and the extent of violent demonstration that might accompany them. It must be remembered that Mexico has not only to construct for itself a system of real representative government, but that the very machinery for beginning this work of construction is lacking, and must largely be supplied by the administration of Madero. It will not be very difficult to reform the Constitution on paper; most Southern republics have beautifully constructed constitutions, models of liberty and popular government, but, unfortunately, where the true spirit of representative government is absent, it is only too easy to suspend constitutional guarantees at the slightest indication of revolution, and thereby to substitute overnight a despotism for a republic. Thus it is evident that the real hope of Mexico lies in the question whether there exists genuineness of purpose in the mind of Madero and his associates. The only attempt to contest the election was on the part of General Reyes and the reactionary element for which he stood. It was thought that his personal popularity would make Reyes a strong candidate, but the tide was irresistibly in favor of Madero, and when an attempt by the Reyes party to induce the Mexican Congress to postpone the election failed, General Reyes withdrew his candidacy, after the half-hearted fashion only too common in Spanish-American republics. The same thing has been witnessed more than once in Cuba. From the Anglo-Saxon point of view, a political fight should be fought out to the finish, and the man who is beaten should hope to fight again another day; but our southern neighbors seem to look at the matter differently. Two or three days before election Reyes took ship for the United States. There has been an unsettled and sometimes lawless condition of affairs since the end of the revolution in many places in Mexico, and the newspapers have reported not a few instances of disorder, such as the case in which one leader of an irregular body of troopers entered a town with a body of armed men, called the people together by

ringing the cathedral bell, and forced them, under threat of death, to vote for his cousin as a Deputy to the Legislature. Whether we should look at such instances as typical or as exceptional, and as to how far they threaten danger to Madero's power, it is difficult to determine. There are many who would have liked to see as President the moderate reformer de la Barra, now Provisional President, but he was too wise and too reasonable to allow his name to be used. It was only natural that Madero should believe that he was entitled to an opportunity to show that the revolution he has successfully carried through aims at fair dealing and good government.



THE LIBERTÉ DISASTER

The harbor of Toulon was the scene of a terrible catastrophe last week when the French battle-ship *Liberté*, one of the great war-ships of the pre-Dreadnought class, was blown to pieces by a series of explosions in her magazines. The report put the dead at about 235, with many score more or less seriously wounded. The *Liberté* had a crew of 717 men, of whom 140 were on shore leave, and all that remains above water of the great ship is a misshapen mass of distorted ironwork, one of the steel turrets, and two great guns. The *Liberté* was well known in this city as one of the three ships of the French visiting squadron at the time of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, two years ago. There have been reports of a plot involving the destruction of *La Patrie*, which caught fire at the same time, and *La Liberté*, but no authoritative statements have been made, and the explosion is, so far, as great a mystery as that which destroyed the *Maine*. The opinion has been put forward that there was an explosion of what is classed as "B" powder in the magazines. This powder has been under suspicion before in similar accidents because, after a certain time, it becomes extremely combustible. In order to protect ships from this peril it is usual to make careful inspections, and when the period of safety ends to remove the "B" powder from the ships. Six months before the *Iéna* was blown up the captain in charge protested that the "B" powder in his magazines was six years old, and that it ought to be removed. In an official statement made at that time the French Minister of Marine said: "Powder 'B' is apt to disintegrate under the action of heat,

and the change increases with the temperature." This latest disaster in the French navy is a matter of general concern because it raises the question of the safety of naval ships in all parts of the world. In 1908 a magazine blew up on a Japanese cruiser, involving injuries to more than 270 out of 300 cadets on board. Americans will remember the blowing up of Admiral Togo's flagship in the harbor of Sasebo during the war with Russia, involving a loss of more than two hundred and fifty sailors. The French battle-ship *Iéna* was destroyed by explosion in 1907, the official report declaring that it was due to the spontaneous combustion of "B" powder which was in a magazine too close to the dynamo-room. In 1907 the battle-ship *Hoche* was sunk in order to extinguish a fire, and there have been many very narrow escapes from serious catastrophes on our own battle-ships. Evidently both the combustibles used on men-of-war and the conditions under which they are stored ought to be promptly and thoroughly investigated. The German Emperor sent to France this evidently heartfelt message: "Words fail me in endeavoring to find expression for my profound sympathy for France in the national misfortune. The families so terribly grieved may be consoled by the knowledge that the men of the *Liberté* have perished in the performance of their duty toward their country."



MR. HICHENS'S OPINIONS

Mr. Robert S. Hichens, the author of "The Garden of Allah," is making his first visit in this country in order to supervise the production of a play. He confesses that he was so eager to see the lights of Long Island that he got up at four o'clock in the morning, and that he found the harbor very lovely. It is to be hoped that as he looked at the Statue of Liberty he did not say, with a more cynical traveler, "If that is liberty, then give me death!" Mr. Hichens was born in Kent, but his father was a Cornishman, and through his mother he has both French and Irish blood in his veins; a complex inheritance which perhaps accounts for some very un-English moods in his books. He describes himself as much given to travel, and as devoted especially to Italy. He had been in Egypt many times before he wrote "The Garden of Allah," the most popular of his stories and the most brilliant. During one of those visits he spent three weeks in a Trappist

monastery in northern Algeria, one of the monks having received special permission to break the vow of silence and talk with him. From this monk he heard the story of the brother who had left the retreat and gone into the desert, and was never heard of again. This was the germ from which "The Garden of Allah" grew. One day while riding into the desert his guide remarked that the desert was called the "Garden of Oblivion," because men become so absorbed in it and fascinated by it that they forget everything else. This gave him the idea of drawing the monk by irresistible influence within the circle of the desert where he forgot God. The ending of "The Garden of Allah" was much debated. Mr. Hichens says of it that no one who knew the heart of a Trappist monk could possibly think of any other ending. Mr. Hichens expressed great admiration for Mrs. Wharton, whose "House of Mirth" he considers an exceedingly artistic book. Frank Norris's "The Pit" made a very strong impression on him. He considers it Zolaesque without Zola's brutality. He found "Mr. Crewe's Career" a most amusing story; Owen Johnson's "The Tennessee Shad" distinctive of American life, and Mr. Owen Wister a writer of strong American individuality. In his judgment, Balzac and Tolstoy are the greatest novelists in literature. Turgenev he describes as a great artist; but the epic appeals to him, and he finds Tolstoy often "more real than life itself." He hates "The Kreutzer Sonata," which, he says, reads as if it had been written in a fit of frenzy; and he thinks "Anna Karénina" the finest piece of psychological fiction ever written.



AMERICAN POETS CLASSIFIED

In a lecture recently delivered at the University of Berlin, Mr. George Sylvester Viereck, the author of "Nineveh and Other Poems," declared that American poets are almost as unknown in their own country as in Europe, and that "American poetry needs missionaries in America no less than in Europe." He insists, in the face of public opinion in this country, that America has more than half a hundred singers who strike their own notes. He finds American poetry notable by reason of the absence of the erotic note, and the presence of the note of protest against materialism; but he thinks the American poets stay too long in the region of ethical speculation, and surrender beauty for the sake

of truth. He divides American poets into four groups, all of which he relates more or less vitally with Whitman and Poe. Those who are influenced by Whitman, he declares, cling to the soil and are singers of comradeship, which is another name for democracy, and reaches its logical culmination in some form of pantheism. Followers of Poe, on the other hand, are aristocrats and æsthetic egoists without local association. Longfellow, Whittier, and other American poets commonly regarded as classics he characterizes as conventional artists, neither democrats nor aristocrats, forming a poetic middle class. In the fourth class he places those disciples of Poe and Whitman who have gone a little beyond the masses, in whom one finds strains of Baudelaire and Swinburne, to whom passion is the great element. In this group he places immigrants, or the immediate descendants of immigrants, who therefore have escaped the Puritan influence; but, he says, even they are unable to avoid the "ethical curiosity" characteristic of our poets. Yiddish poetry and the Yiddish theater are growing in importance; but every literature written in an alien tongue in America he thinks is a blossom doomed to extinction. Among the foremost poets, in the spirit of Whitman Mr. Viereck places Hovey, Carman, Markham, Roberts, Burton, Miss Thomas. In them, he declares, we find the scientific spirit which the Germans and English admire in their scholars. They have transferred their love from the individual to nature. He says that Poe has no pupils, but a long line of intellectual aristocrats and æsthetes descended from him, among them Mr. Santayana, Miss Guiney, Miss Reese. George E. Woodberry he describes as cold and academic, and Mr. Moody's poetry leaves one with a sense of intellectual aloofness. Aldrich, Gilder, Stedman, and Dr. van Dyke he classes with the poetic middle class. Edgar Saltus he calls the first American decadent. Mr. Viereck's classification is interesting rather than convincing; but it is encouraging to find a critic who has broken away from the traditional attitude toward current poetry, and discusses it with disinterested intelligence.



THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME

Attention is again directed to the American Academy in Rome by reason of the interesting result of the recently held competitions for the annual

"Prize of Rome" in architecture, painting, and sculpture. The winners of this prize receive each one thousand dollars a year for three years. Their traveling expenses to and from Rome are also defrayed. During their sojourn in Rome they are required to live at the Academy, where lodgings and studios are provided free of charge. During the entire first year they are obliged to remain in central Italy; during the second they may employ their spare time in traveling anywhere in Italy; and during the third they may travel in Italy, Greece, or in any country where classic and Renaissance remains exist. This year's architectural award was won by a Denver candidate, the painting award by a Chicagoan, and the sculpture award by a New Yorker. The prize-winner in architecture is George Simpson Keyl. His training has consisted of four years of office experience and six years of architectural study in the University of Pennsylvania, where he became instructor in free-hand drawing and water-color. Ezra Winter, of Chicago, won the prize in painting; he studied at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, and in last year's competition took second place in the painting scholarship. Harry Dickinson Thrasher, of New York City, won the sculpture prize; he was born in Cornish, New Hampshire, that home of eminent sculptors and painters; began his career as "studio boy" in the workshop of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, then worked in the night class of sculpture in the Art Students' League in New York, and in 1908 captured the Saint-Gaudens prize for that year. These three winners, coming from different parts of the country, serve to remind us that the American Academy in Rome represents all America.

AMERICANS IN THE ARGENTINE

So much has been said, and justly, concerning the lack of American initiative in South America that it is a pleasure to learn of the impression which our representatives are now making in scientific agriculture in the Argentine Republic. As is well known, Argentina is a magnificent agricultural country; with little preparation of the soil and with practically no cultivation, the average yield of corn per acre there is about the same as that here. Most of the agricultural implements used are made in the United States, and citizens of the United States occupy positions of prominence in several of the agricultural bureaus. For instance, the director

of the newly established experiment station in the rich sugar-producing province of Tucumán, Professor R. E. Blouin, was formerly director of the Louisiana sugar experiment station, and both the entomologist and chemist at the Tucumán station are North Americans. In fact, it is the aim of the Provincial Government to make up the entire force from United States representatives, if possible, and negotiations to this end are now under way. The Central Government is also alive to the advantages to be gained through the employment of our authorities; for instance, Professor J. S. Wing, an expert on stock-raising, has been offered a high position in the Argentine Department of Agriculture. The chief of the meteorological service, Mr. W. G. Davis, and his first assistant are North Americans. Incidentally this service, modeled closely after ours, is considered among the best in the world. The Argentinos as a people are desirous of establishing closer relations with us. The average native is more than willing to assist the North American in learning Spanish, freely offering to exchange instruction in languages. That the Argentine people realize the commercial value of the English language is seen from the fact that it is now taught in their public schools—something that a few of our schools might follow to advantage with regard to Spanish, considering the ever-increasing importance of the Spanish-speaking countries.

DISRAELI ON THE STAGE

Mr. Louis N. Parker has written, and Mr. George Arliss is now interpreting in New York, a capital play in which the chief character is the Earl of Beaconsfield. Rightly the play is named "Disraeli," although the period treated is that which followed the statesman's elevation to the peerage, for then, and even now, the later title is the less familiar in men's mouths. The play is cleverly constructed and wittily written. It turns upon the acquisition of the Suez Canal by England, and the dramatic use made of the incident is extraordinary in that the situation grasps the hearer's attention at once and holds it unabated to the fall of the curtain. Mr. Parker is quite justified by the rules of his art in building a purely fictitious structure of plot upon a very slight historical basis. His success illustrates the ease with which a skilled dramatist can deal with material apparently devoid of romance or excitement and make a living, human drama which both

thrills and amuses. Mr. Parker's Disraeli is not by any means the real Disraeli, for some of the characteristics of the audacious and brilliant Jew who became Prime Minister are over-emphasized and others are omitted. Mr. Arliss acts the part with the dryness of humor, neatness of point, and genuine power in critical moments that made his "Septimus" such a delightful creation; there are very few men now on our stage whose actual achievement and promise for the future can be compared with those of this brilliant actor. The setting, costuming, and careful acting of minor parts help to make "Disraeli" one of the notable successes of the early theatrical season. It is the kind of play one can enjoy with intellectual self-respect.



ITALY DECLARES WAR

It is the unexpected which happens! Two weeks ago we shuddered at the possibility of war between Germany and France, but no one thought of Italy and Turkey; and now Italy has declared war against Turkey, and the entire coast of Tripoli is already blockaded.

No sooner was it reported last week that an agreement had been reached between France and Germany regarding Morocco than Italy reaffirmed in startling fashion her claims regarding Tripoli. The Powers first recognized these claims in 1878, when they agreed to the desirability of Italy's "pacific penetration" of Tripoli. In the same breath, however, they reaffirmed the clause in the Treaty of Paris concerning the Turkish Empire's integrity. Later, in a special convention, France distinctly recognized Italy's predominant rights in Tripoli—a particularly valuable assurance to Italy, as Tripoli extends from Tunis, over which the French exercise a protectorate, eleven hundred miles along the Mediterranean coast to Egypt.

Tripoli is a country about four hundred thousand square miles in extent, and is the easternmost of the former Barbary States—Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli; the Atlas Mountains form a common bond between those countries. There are no rivers worthy the name in Tripoli, and no rain falls during the long, hot summer. The population is estimated at a million, of which only five thousand are foreigners, mostly Italians. The commerce consists principally in exporting the country's products—barley, cattle, sheep, oranges, lemons, dates; and those of

interior Africa—gold dust, ivory, ostrich feathers—for three great caravan routes from the equator reach the Mediterranean in Tripoli. The nation pays a tenth of the value of all products of the soil as tribute to the Turkish Government as the overlord of Tripoli. The Sultan of Turkey appoints the Governor-General of Tripoli, and invests him with the title, authority, and rank of a Pasha of the Ottoman Empire. In turn, the Pasha appoints the beys, or subordinate governors, of the four provinces in Tripoli. Turkish is the official language, but Arabic the popular tongue.

In the eighth century the Arabs conquered Tripoli, and in the sixteenth the Turks; after which it settled into the lawlessness that distinguished the other Barbary States. American resistance to the Pasha's exactions was the first successful stand by any country against the Barbary corsairs. The Emperor of Morocco, the Dey of Algeria, the Bey of Tunis, and the Pasha of Tripoli, all demanded tribute of America as the price of peace, as they demanded it from England, France, and Spain. Failing in his demand, the Pasha of Tripoli in 1801 chopped down the flagstaff of our Consulate. Every school-boy knows the victories of Bainbridge, Preble, and Decatur. These events forced the Pasha to sign a treaty declaring American vessels forever free from his rovers; from that moment the power of the Barbary corsairs began to wane.

The direct ground on which Italy claims the right to seize Tripoli, so far as the public has been informed, is found in the disorders in that country and the inability of its Government to protect foreigners. These charges of inefficiency and lack of protection Turkey has declared to be unfounded. The real cause of Italy's sudden action is doubtless the apparent success of France in extending her own North African empire. With England more or less secure in Egypt, and with the rest of the North African coast under the control of France, save those little places in Morocco over which Spain holds sway, Italy is naturally somewhat restive in her own expectation of herself having a colonial empire. She is especially restive now that any thought of extending her dominion over Albania has proved abortive. It must be confessed that, if Italy is to seek a colony anywhere, Tripoli forms a natural outlet. It is but 425 miles across the Mediterranean Sea from the most southern point of Italy; its foreign population has long consisted mostly

of Italians, and it does a not inconsiderable trade with Italy.

The difficulty with the whole situation is that Turkey, under its new régime, is less inclined than ever to give up anything it owns, as was shown recently in the case of Crete. The Young Turks, now in the saddle at Constantinople, must still justify to the reactionaries the change of government; otherwise there may be an overturn to the old order of things.

If Italy's communication to the Porte was as truculent as is reported in the newspaper despatches, it was in effect an appeal to arms.

Tripoli is still in a state of barbarism, and it is doubtless true that, under an Italian protectorate, conditions would be much improved. But the Berber tribes of Tripoli would prove a difficult problem, as traders can testify, who are able to carry ostrich feathers overland between the Sudan and Tripoli only when the caravan routes are free from raiders. The ten thousand Turkish troops who always occupy Tripoli have made little impression on these tribes. It is to be supposed that the natives would offer a far more fanatical guerrilla warfare to a Christian nation than they have to the great Mohammedan power.

But the factor that affords most food for thought is the consent of at least some of the Powers to Italy's act. Italy would hardly have taken this step without such consent. The consent of England and France, if it has been secured, was doubtless due to the conviction that the Italian would be a better neighbor for the Egyptian on the one side, or for the Tunisian on the other, than is the present native, with his power to stir nationalistic aspirations. The consent of Austria and Germany was doubtless secured by the conviction that, with Italy busy in Africa, Austria could more easily prepare Albania for the time when she can absorb it, and Germany could more easily influence the world to acquiesce in her dreams of larger colonial empire, the desire for which might even suggest to Italy that, as she would snatch Tripoli from Turkey, so one day Germany might snatch Tripoli from her! If Italy takes Tripoli, will not Turkey, in her turn, claim "compensation" elsewhere—in Greece, for instance, or wherever a nation is weaker? For Turkey must do this, or the Young Turk Government may be overthrown. There might even be a general uprising of Mohammedans against Christians.

THE RECIPROCITY BILL AND AFTER

Now that Canada has rejected the Reciprocity Agreement, what is the outcome?

In the first place, reciprocity as a method of dealing with the tariff question has been the subject of more widespread popular discussion in both Canada and the United States than ever before. As a result of ten months of discussion it is clear that the objections to the bill were not the same in the two countries. In the United States criticism was directed not so much against reciprocity as such as against this specific application of it. In Canada, on the other hand, criticism was directed not so much against these specific proposals as against the whole policy of reciprocity between the United States and Canada. One lasting result, therefore, of the reciprocity campaign on both sides of the border has been this process of education in a great public question.

Besides this general and rather indefinite result there are certain more specific, immediate, and intimate effects that will be felt in the two countries.

In Canada the defeat of reciprocity, after a hot campaign, signifies that, for the present at any rate, the Canadian people have determined that there should be no misunderstanding as to their relation, on the one hand, with the mother country, and, on the other hand, with the neighboring Republic. President Taft's expression that Canada was "at the parting of the ways" was taken with a meaning which we are sure he did not attach to it, for it was interpreted as indicating that the United States was offering to Canada a choice between the road that leads to closer union with the other parts of the British Empire, and the road that leads to closer union between the English-speaking peoples of North America—so to speak, a choice between British imperialism and American imperialism. Many things combined to impress upon the Canadian people the feeling that this was the issue; among them were this phrase of the President's, his letter of commendation to the Hearst newspapers, which, though it approved only their advocacy of reciprocity, was widely understood as approving their argument on behalf of reciprocity that it would lead to annexation, and the speech of Speaker Champ Clark of the House of Representatives, in which he put annexation as the goal of reciprocity. This issue

the Conservatives were quick to seize. There were other influences at work in Canada to defeat reciprocity. French Canadians, in an effort to rebuke the Liberal leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a French Canadian himself, for too great loyalty to sentiment upholding the British imperial connection, illogically voted for his opponent, in spite of the fact that that opponent was still louder in his protestation of loyalty to that sentiment. Canadian manufacturers, moreover, like beneficiaries of the protective system generally, did much to prevent the adoption of freer trade relations. On the whole, however, the great efficient cause of the Canadian vote against reciprocity was the feeling that Canada, so far as the United States was concerned, should assert its self-reliance, and so far as the British Empire was concerned, should assert its loyalty. The effect in Canada, therefore, of this whole attempt at a reciprocity agreement will undoubtedly be an emphasis of the differences in feeling and tradition between Canada and the United States and an emphasis upon the identity of interests between Canada and the rest of the Empire. Whenever in the future reciprocity is again proposed, as we are sure it must be some day, it will be with a distinct understanding with regard to these points on both sides of the border.

The reciprocity negotiations have left in Canada no effect in law. In the United States, on the other hand, the campaign for reciprocity has put a law upon the Federal statute-books. Congress passed what is commonly called a reciprocity bill. That is law to-day.

This law provides that the tariff on certain products shall be reduced whenever the President of the United States shall proclaim that Canada has on certain products made certain reductions; also that certain products from Canada shall be admitted free of duty whenever the President shall proclaim that certain specified products are admitted into the Dominion free of duty. That law is effective to-day, and will continue to be effective until repealed. As far as the provisions we have named are concerned, the law is a standing invitation to Canada to establish freer trade relations. It is so far a tariff bill whose provisions do not go into effect without action on the part of Canada.

But there is one section of this tariff bill which has already gone into effect. This is

Section 2. It deals with wood pulp and paper manufactured from wood pulp, specifically the paper that is used by the daily press. According to this section, a tariff change is put into effect without waiting for any reciprocal tariff legislation in Canada. As a matter of fact, as a result of this provision news-print paper is now coming into the United States free of duty. The net legislative effect, therefore, of this great reciprocity campaign carried on by two Governments and two peoples is the adoption of a new tariff law regarding the paper schedule.

Through this great international agitation for reciprocity a special interest has won a great victory. This special interest consists of the newspapers of the United States. At the same time another special interest has suffered a signal defeat. This consists of the pulp and news-print paper manufacturers. We venture to say that not one out of a hundred of our readers is aware of this one solitary specific legislative outcome of the reciprocity agreement. The matter has been skillfully managed. When the bill affecting the wool schedule was passed, there was discussion of the wool schedule all over the country, and the President's veto of that woolen bill was regarded as one of the most important of his actions. The paper schedule is revised, and the bill making the revision is signed by the President, and the voters of the country are as a whole totally ignorant of the fact.

Now that the noise of the Reciprocity Bill has subsided, we think that the country should turn its attention to what reciprocity has left us. The President has argued that the tariff should not be revised except on a basis of difference in the cost of production as ascertained by the Tariff Board. Was the paper schedule revised in accordance with this principle? The Tariff Board made its report on "the pulp and news-print paper industry" last May. In that report the Board declared that the cost of production of news-print paper in Canada was more than five dollars a ton (over sixteen per cent) less than the cost of production in the United States; and yet Congress has passed, and the President has signed, a bill admitting such paper free. We wish that the President, while he is addressing the country in the course of his present journey, may turn from his explanations of his veto of the Wool Bill, and from his strong and able exposition of his theory of tariff revision—a theory that The Outlook

has repeatedly urged as sound—to explain on what grounds may be justified the revision of the paper schedule.

In Canada reciprocity has left behind it a trail of patriotic sentiment; in the United States reciprocity has left behind it a specific tariff problem that may furnish ammunition in the tariff debates that are sure to come before the country on the reassembling of Congress.



THE MORMONISM OF TO-DAY

In its issue of July 29 The Outlook published an article from a Methodist minister in Utah saying a good word for the Mormon Church. He made no excuse or apology for polygamy; but he affirmed that polygamy had been abandoned, that the great majority of the Mormons were thrifty, industrious, law-abiding citizens, and that we ought now to recognize the Church of the Latter-Day Saints as a Church of God and work with it for the enlightenment and improvement of the community. Out of a number of communications we have received on this subject we print two on another page. Among the replies to this article was one from Dr. Robert M. Stevenson, the President of Westminster College in Salt Lake City, who has since, at our request, sent us two Mormon religious books, now on sale in Mormon book-stores and in use in the Mormon Church. One of these is "The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Containing the Revelations given to Joseph Smith, Jun., the Prophet, for the Building up of the Kingdom of God in the Last Days." The other is "Sunday-School Outlines," and contains outlines of lessons for a continuous course of study, lasting through several years, and including a Kindergarten, a First Intermediate, a Second Intermediate, and a Theological Department. It may safely be assumed that the lessons prescribed in this volume are being taught to-day to the children in Mormon homes. With these books he sends us newspaper reports of two addresses quoted below. From the material thus furnished us we gather the following facts:

Polygamy is still regarded by the Mormon Church as of divine origin, having the divine sanction and being the divine ideal. Plural marriages are called celestial marriages. Marriages performed according to the Mormon law and the Mormon ritual are not merely for time but for eternity. To marry one

man and leave him to live with another man is unlawful; but for a man to marry many wives is commendable.

If any man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent; and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified. . . . And if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him, and they are given unto him, therefore is he justified.

This ideal has not been abandoned, nor is there any acknowledgment that it was a mistaken, immoral, or improper ideal, nor is it defended on the ground that it belonged to a primitive age and an imperfectly developed people. On the contrary, in the lesson for the First Intermediate Department, the children are taught to admire the lives and characters of the polygamous prophets as heroic and devout leaders of the saints; and in the Theological Department they are especially directed to study the section in the book of "The Doctrine and Covenants" which contains the clause quoted above.

But it is affirmed, apparently by the highest ecclesiastical authority, that this law approving of polygamy is suspended. Thus in an address in 1910, delivered by Francis M. Lyman, the presiding officer of the quorum of twelve apostles, the speaker used the following words:

In the manifesto President Woodruff notified the saints that they need not go into celestial marriages any longer; but on the sixth day of April, 1906, that notification was made the law of the Church. It was prohibitory. There is not a man on the earth to-day possessing the authority to perform plural marriages. We want every one of you to clearly understand that—the sisters particularly. It is unrighteous and unlawful now. . . . What reasons God had for taking from the earth this principle of plural marriage I am not prepared to say. In ancient days he gave it to his servants, and then took it away again. Nevertheless it is the true order of marriage.

And Mr. Lyman explains that it has been taken away by the same divine authority which originally gave it. Plural marriages are now not only against the law of the United States; they are against the law of the Mormon Church. Joseph H. Smith, the President of the Mormon Church, is equally explicit. In an address delivered on April 7, 1911, at a general conference of the Church, he said:

There is no man who is authorized to perform a plural marriage. No man and no woman have the authority to have this ceremony

performed for them. We have been doing all in our power to stop this. We have been doing all we can to trace the men who are performing these ceremonies. It is hard to locate them, but when we do find them we will deal with them.

And he adds his hearty commendation to the movement for a Constitutional amendment giving the Federal Government the authority to regulate plural marriages. "It will be," he says, "a godsend to the people everywhere."

On these facts The Outlook repeats its previous affirmation that polygamy is dead. It is true that the Mormon Church does not admit its error. But when we consider how difficult it has been for Protestant Churches, which do not claim infallibility, to amend archaic creeds some articles of which are denied by many of their teachers and preached by few or none, we need not wonder that a Church which claims infallibility finds it difficult to admit the fallibility of a former belief. There is no way in which a Church can alter a creed formulated by a divine revelation except by receiving a new divine revelation directing the alteration. Polygamy is dead, as the Inquisition is dead. Protestants cannot expect the Vatican to acknowledge that the Inquisition was an error. But it is certain that it will never be re-established. It is true that plural marriages are still celebrated. The fact is acknowledged in both the Mormon addresses quoted above. It is difficult to change the habit of a lifetime in an individual; more difficult to change the habit of two generations in a community; still more difficult when that habit has had a religious sanction. It is true that, as a "revelation" suspended the law for plural marriages, a "revelation" might restore it. But he who really believes that slavery and polygamy are twin relics of barbarism will not fear the revival of either unless the country goes back to barbarism. The peril to the country from plural divorces is much greater than the peril from plural marriages. A Constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy, and providing, not a uniform divorce law, but that divorce should not be granted by any State except to one who had actually resided in the State for at least two or three years, might be advantageous. But the real remedy for a false ideal is generally the effective presentation of an ideal that is true and noble.

Mormonism rests avowedly on a literalism which accepts the institutions and habits of

the ancient Hebrews, not as steps in the development of a remarkable people, but as divine ideals for all peoples and all times. This notion is not confined to the Mormon Church, but it is applied by the Mormon Church to modern life with a logical consistency not paralleled by any other sect. In so far as this notion imports into America in the twentieth century after Christ barbaric habits of life of eight or ten centuries before Christ which are perilous to the life of the community, the community does well to prohibit them by law. But the real, the radical remedy for this paralyzing literalism of the Mormon religion is not Constitutional law, but a free and pure religion—free from the trammels of ancient tradition, free from the corruptions of ancient barbarism, and not only taught by the pulpit but exemplified in social and domestic life. The remedy for the letter which killeth is the spirit which maketh alive.



MISSIONS AND UNITY

Bishop Brent, of the Philippines, is a hard-working bishop; he is also a far-seeing prophet. Himself a missionary, he knows the strength and weakness of the organized Christianity which he teaches; face to face with a non-Christian society in the half of the globe which lies in shadow, he has felt at once the power of the Christ and the weakness of his divided disciples. He has seen clearly, what all Christians have seen dimly, that the mission of the Church is missions, that it is only at home when it is abroad, that it is prosperous and safe only when it is scattering its treasures with a lavish hand, and, forsaking all defenses, putting its whole strength into the open field; and he has seen clearly, what every missionary with the power of vision has seen, that the saving of the race is the work of a united Christendom, and lies far beyond the reach of any company of believers which does not gather into one great effort the resources of all believers. To Bishop Brent two words sum up the needs of the world to-day: missions and unity.

A year ago he bore this message to the English people from the pulpit in Westminster Abbey; last autumn he embodied his conviction in a resolution presented to the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, and adopted by the unanimous vote of both houses, providing for the appointment of a

Commission to bring about a Conference "for the consideration of questions touching Faith and Order, and that all Christian communions throughout the world which confess our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour be asked to unite with us in arranging for and conducting such a Conference." The committee appointed under this resolution have published recently their first report, in which they define more specifically the aim of the Conference, which is not to take action, but to consider "those things in which we differ, in the hope that a better understanding of divergent views of Faith and Order will result in a deepening desire for reunion;" the Church behind the movement proposing only to take preliminary action, and at the earliest moment possible to act in association with others. The report asks for the prayers of all Christian people, for the appointment of similar commissions by Christian communions throughout the world, both Catholic and Protestant, and that plans be made for a World Conference.

This is an age of great enterprises, involving far-reaching co-operation, the use of vast sums of money, and faith in the laws of science and of society; but no movement is now going on in the world of deeper significance than this inspiring proposal to bring about a great council of divided Christendom. It is presented by one of the most conservative of churches, which prefaced its action by a frank confession of its own sins of coldness and aloofness; it was born in the heart of a noble missionary, face to face with the needs of the non-Christian world—a religious leader out of whose consecration to his work, not as a missionary of a church, but of the Christ, there has come this vision, not only of a great end to be gained, but of a bold path toward that end.

There have been conferences called for the purpose of bringing Christians together, and there has been a notable advance in good feeling and co-operative action among members of all churches; but these conferences have avoided facing fundamental differences and contented themselves with reducing the number of things which keep Christians apart by cutting off non-essentials. The endeavor has often been made to reduce Christian faith to the narrowest limits in order to bring the largest number of people together on a common foundation. This has been the policy of a conservative prudence, and has prepared the way for the bold and radical action proposed by this Conference.

But when this World Conference meets,

it will not be with guarded lips, armed neutrality on points of divergence, and a nervous anxiety to keep away from dangerous subjects. On the contrary, it will meet for the express purpose of clear, full, and frank consideration of the fundamental differences, for the specific discussion of burning questions. The plan has apostolic boldness, and for that very reason is likely to have apostolic success. Nothing is so trustworthy as a vision if one has the courage to follow it; this is the vision of a prophet, and a great army has promptly enlisted to follow it. The report prints a list of sixteen commissions already appointed to co-operate in arranging for the World Conference, including representatives from the Congregational churches and from the Presbyterians, Methodists, Moravians, Baptists, Lutherans, Reformed Church, and lesser bodies.

The religion which Jesus Christ brought into the world was a sublime audacity; to one who knew Europe and the East at the moment when he appeared it must have seemed devised for the express purpose of inviting defeat. And such an observer would have been justified by the event; it was defeated, its Leader was killed, its disciples scattered. But its defeat was victory; the execution of its Leader was the consummation of his sacrifice and the darkness out of which came the glory of the Resurrection; and the scattering of the disciples was the sowing of the seed broadcast over the world. The way to command the divine co-operation in human enterprises is to plan for the spirits of men on a scale large enough to make room for God. Speaking reverently, our plans are often so parochial in aim and feeling that God can hardly find place in them. Here is a plan big enough and daring enough to suggest a great providential movement in the affairs of men. Dr. Bushnell was once describing in his large, imaginative way the creation of man. As he walked up and down his study the majesty of the creative moment grew on him, until, in his eloquent phrases, man stood complete before his Maker and God saw that his work was good. "And then God said: 'But there is no door in his nature through which I can go to him and he can come to me;' so God opened in man the great door of the imagination."

The plan for a World Conference on Faith and Order has that courage of the imagination which is another name for faith, and faith is always winged for victory.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE PANAMA CANAL

The Panama Canal is nearing completion. It is time that Americans should mingle with their pride in the construction of the great waterway the serious consideration of what they intend to do with it. The reason why the American people have had special pride in the building of this Canal is that they have regarded it as a world feat. They have seen in the product of the engineers at Panama the contribution of America to those achievements of which the whole civilized world is proud. That Canal is one of the monuments not merely to the progress of a nation but to the progress of mankind.

This view of the Canal as a matter of international significance will be all false pretense if it is confined to pride in the achievement, and is not extended to the spirit in which the Canal is maintained. America cannot boast of building a world waterway if it conducts it as if it were an inland stream. The time has come for the Nation to determine definitely upon its future Canal policy. It has rightly accepted the responsibility for the maintenance of what it has built and for its protection. It has determined that the Canal shall be fortified, and that it shall not be allowed to fall into the hands of any power that may choose to use it for its own benefit in war, and it has also made it clear that it will not allow any other nation to use it at the risk of American interests. That, however, is not enough. The United States has not fulfilled its obligation by providing against military contingencies; the nation that built the Canal must provide adequately for its daily use by the ships of all nations.

Against the policy of making this really an international waterway there has already been felt the influence of special interests. In an editorial on September 20 the New York "Times" made, in effect, an appeal that the welfare of American railways shall not be overlooked in fixing the toll rates, and intimated, indeed, that the railways used their influence to prevent Congress in its last session from dealing with this important question. The United States might as well not have built the Canal at all if it is going to adjust rates with regard to railway interests. Even from a selfish National point of view this would be suicidal. Consideration for the people of the United States alone should make it incumbent upon the Government to

use every practical and reasonable means to make transit through the Canal simple and cheap. The railways may be depended upon to adjust themselves to such competition as the Canal would, under such circumstances, afford. It would be as bad a business policy for the Federal Government to try to protect the railways by the adjustment of Canal tolls as it would be for it to try to protect the railway from New York to New Orleans by a tax on ships plying between those two cities. And if the fixing of tolls to suit the railways would be a bad policy from a National point of view, it would be certainly a bad policy from an international point of view.

Indeed, the tolls on the Panama Canal should be arranged without regard to the favoring of any special interests. This Nation has had costly lessons on this subject, and ought to be by this time wise enough not to invite any more of the sort. The toll rates should provide for no discrimination, whether through the guise of the remission of tolls to ships engaged in foreign commerce or otherwise, and should be uniform for the ships of all nations engaged in international commerce.

Although it is possible (we hope it is probable) that the tolls may be reasonably fixed so that they will meet all the expenses and fixed charges, yet there is no reason why the effort to meet such expenses and charges should be the determining factor in the levy of the tolls. When New York builds a bridge between the Boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn, it does not expect the tolls to pay either for the maintenance of the bridge, or even for the interest on the money borrowed for its construction. The city recognizes that in the building of that bridge it is constructing a highway, and for the cost of that highway, as for the cost of all other highways, it is legitimate that the people of the city should be taxed. Therefore, in whatever tolls it may charge it does not expect reimbursement for the cost of the bridge; and, of course, it exercises no discrimination between the users of the bridge; the man who comes from New Jersey, or Wisconsin, or a foreign country, pays exactly the same toll as the man who lives and pays his taxes in the city itself. The Panama Canal is a great highway, and it should be maintained as such. The United States is rich and strong enough to help pay for the cost of it out of its own treasury, and to institute guard over it and insure its protection.

One of the first duties that Congress should undertake, when it reassembles, is to adopt a policy with regard to this great Canal that

will have as its ultimate ideal the creation of what would amount to a natural Strait of Panama.

HOW THE UNITED STATES ACQUIRED THE RIGHT TO DIG THE PANAMA CANAL

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NO other great work now being carried on throughout the world is of such far-reaching and lasting importance as the Panama Canal. Never before has a work of this kind on so colossal a scale been attempted. Never has any work of the kind, of anything approaching the size, been done with such efficiency, with such serious devotion to the well-being of the innumerable workmen, and with a purpose at once so lofty and so practical. No three men in the service of any government anywhere represent a higher, more disinterested, and more efficient type than the three men now at the head of this work—the Secretary of War, Mr. Stimson; Colonel Goethals, the man who is actually doing the digging; and Dr. Gorgas, who has turned one of the festering pest-holes of the world into what is almost a health resort. In eighteen months or so the Canal will probably be in a shape that will warrant sending small vessels through it to test its actual working. Under these circumstances, it is worth while to remember just how it was that America won for itself and the world the right to do a world-job which had to be done by some one, and the doing of which by any one else would have been not merely a bitter mortification but a genuine calamity to our people.

On December 7, 1903, and again on January 4, 1904, as President of the United States, in Messages to the two houses of Congress, I set forth in full, and in detail every essential fact connected with the recognition of the Republic of Panama, the negotiation of a treaty with that Republic for building the Panama Canal, and the actions which led up to that negotiation—actions without which the Canal could not have been built, and would not now have been even begun. Not one important fact was omitted, and no fact of any importance bearing upon the actions or negotiations of the representatives of the United States not there set forth has been, or ever will be, discovered, simply because there is none to discover. It must be a matter of pride to every honest Ameri-

can, proud of the good name of his country, that the acquisition of the Canal and the building of the Canal, in all their details, were as free from scandal as the public acts of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

The facts were set forth in full at the time in the two Messages to which I have referred. I can only recapitulate them briefly, and in condensed form. Of course there was at the time, and has been since, much repetition of statements that I acted in an "unconstitutional" manner, that I "usurped authority" which was not mine. These were the statements that were made again and again in reference to almost all I did as President that was most beneficial and most important to the people of this country, to whom I was responsible, and of whose interests I was the steward. The simple fact was, as I have elsewhere said, that when the interest of the American people imperatively demanded that a certain act should be done, and I had the power to do it, I did it unless it was specifically prohibited by law, instead of timidly refusing to do it unless I could find some provision of law which rendered it imperative that I should do it. In other words, I gave the benefit of the doubt to the people of the United States, and not to any group of bandits, foreign or domestic, whose interests happened to be adverse to those of the people of the United States. In my judgment, history had taught the lesson that the President has very great powers if he chooses to exercise those powers; but that, if he is a timid or selfish man, afraid of responsibility and afraid of risks, he can of course manufacture ingenious excuses for failure to exercise them. At a great crisis in American history Mr. Buchanan had shown himself to belong to the latter type of President; Mr. Lincoln had represented the other type, the type which gave the people the benefit of the doubt, which was not afraid to take responsibility, which used in large fashion for the good of the people the great powers of a great office. I very strongly believed that Abraham Lincoln had set the example which

it was healthy for the people of the United States that other Presidents should follow.

For many years prior to 1903 our Government had been negotiating with foreign Powers to provide for the building of a Panama Canal. By 1902, on the conclusion of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, we had cleared the way sufficiently to enable Congress to pass an Act actually providing for the construction of a Canal across the Isthmus. By this Act the President was authorized to secure for the United States the property of the French Panama Canal Company and the perpetual control of a strip of territory across the Isthmus of Panama from the Republic of Colombia within a reasonable time and at a reasonable price, and, if the endeavor failed, the adoption of the Nicaragua route was authorized.

In October and November, 1903, events occurred on the Isthmus of Panama which enabled me, and which made it my highest duty to the people of the United States, to carry out the provisions of the law of Congress. I did carry them out, and the Canal is now being built because of what I thus did. It is also perfectly true that, if I had wished to shirk my responsibility, if I had been afraid of doing my duty, I could have pursued a course which would have been technically defensible, which would have prevented criticism of the kind that has been made, and which would have left the United States no nearer building the Canal at this moment than it had been for the preceding half-century. If I had observed a judicial inactivity about what was going on at the Isthmus, had let things take their course, and had then submitted an elaborate report thereon to Congress, I would have furnished the opportunity for much masterly debate in Congress, which would now be going on—and the Canal would still be fifty years in the future.

The interests of the American people demanded that I should act just exactly as I did act; and I would have taken the action I actually did take even though I had been certain that to do so meant my prompt retirement from public life at the next election; for the only thing which makes it worth while to hold a big office is taking advantage of the opportunities the office offers to do some big thing that ought to be done and is worth doing.

Under the terms of the Act the Government finally concluded a very advantageous agreement with the French Canal Company. The French Company had spent enormous

sums on the Isthmus. We felt justified in paying the Company only a very small fraction of what it had thus spent. The treaty we made was advantageous to us in a very high degree, and we got what in value was much more than what we paid for it; but the French Company did get something, and if we had not stepped in it would have gotten absolutely nothing. Every step taken by the Government in connection with its negotiations with the French Company and the payment to its official representatives in accordance with the agreement entered into was taken with the utmost care, and every detail has been made public. Every action taken was not merely proper, but was carried out in accordance with the highest, finest, and nicest standards of public and governmental ethics. Doubtless in Paris, and perhaps to a lesser extent in New York, there were speculators who bought and sold in the stock market with a view to the varying conditions apparent from time to time in the course of the negotiations, and with a view to the probable outcome of the negotiations. This was precisely what speculators did in England in connection with the outcome of the Battle of Waterloo, and in our own country in connection with Abraham Lincoln's issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation and other acts during the Civil War. The rights of the French Company having been acquired, and the difficulties caused by our previous treaties having been removed by the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, there remained only the negotiations with the Republic of Colombia, then in possession of the Isthmus of Panama. Under the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty it had been explicitly provided that the United States should build, control, police, and "protect" (which incidentally means to fortify) the Canal. The United States thus assumed complete responsibility for, and guaranteed the building of, the Canal. Nearly fifty years before, our Government had announced that it would not permit the country in possession of the Isthmus "to close the gates or interfere" with opening one of the "great highways of the world," or to justify such an act by the pretension that this avenue of trade and travel belonged to that country and that it chose to shut it. We had always insisted upon the doctrine thus declared, and at last the time had come when I could reduce it to action. We negotiated with the representatives of Colombia a treaty for building the Canal, a treaty which granted to Colombia even greater advantages than were subse-

quently granted to the Republic of Panama, a treaty so good that after it had been rejected by Colombia, and after we had recognized Panama, Colombia clamored for leave to undo the past and enter into the treaty. But the Colombian Government, for reasons which, I regret to say, were apparently very bad indeed, declined to consummate the treaty to which their representatives had agreed. The Isthmus of Panama was then a part of the Colombian Republic, and the representatives of Panama in the Colombian Legislature at once warned Colombia that the people of Panama would not submit quietly to what they regarded as an utter ignoring of their vital interests. We also, courteously and diplomatically, but emphatically, called the attention of the Colombia representatives to the very serious trouble they were certain to bring upon themselves if they persisted in their action. I felt very strongly that the position that the one-time Secretary of State, Cass, had taken nearly fifty years before was the proper position, and that the United States would be derelict to its duty if it permitted Colombia to prevent the building of the Panama Canal. I was prepared, if necessary, to submit to Congress a recommendation that we should proceed with the work in spite of Colombia's opposition, and indeed had prepared a rough draft of a Message to that effect, when events on the Isthmus took such shape as to change the problem.

The Isthmus was seething with revolutionary spirit. The Central Government of the Republic of Colombia was inefficient and corrupt. Lawlessness had long been dominant in every branch. During a period of something like seventy years there had been only one or two instances in which a President had served out his term. The Republic had repeatedly undergone internal convulsions which completely changed its aspect. Our Government first entered into a treaty with the possessors of the Isthmus of Panama in 1846. At that time the nation with which we treated was known as New Granada. After a while New Granada split up and the Republic of Colombia, another confederation, took its place; and Panama was at one time a sovereign state and at another time a mere department of the consecutive confederations known as Colombia and New Granada. In addition to scores of revolutions which affected successively New Granada and Colombia as a whole, the Isthmus

of Panama during fifty-seven years saw fifty-three revolutions, rebellions, insurrections, civil wars, and other outbreaks; some of the revolutions being successful, some unsuccessful; one civil war lasting nearly three years, and another nearly a year. Twice there had been attempted secessions of Panama, and on six different occasions the marines and sailors from United States war-ships were forced to land on the Isthmus in order to protect property and to see that transit across the Isthmus was kept clear, a duty we were by treaty required to perform, for by treaty we already possessed and exercised on the Isthmus certain proprietary rights and sovereign powers which no other nation possessed. On four different occasions the Government of Colombia itself requested the landing of troops to protect its interests and to maintain order on the Isthmus—the order which it was itself incompetent to maintain. On several different occasions only the attitude of the United States prevented European Powers from interfering on the Isthmus. In short, Colombia had shown itself utterly incompetent to perform the ordinary governmental duties expected of a civilized state; and yet it refused to permit the building of the Canal under conditions which would have perpetuated its control of the Isthmus, and which would at the same time have put a stop to what can legitimately be called government by a succession of banditti. The United States would have shown itself criminal, as well as impotent, if it had longer tolerated this condition of things.

I was prepared to advocate our openly avowing that the position had become intolerable, and that, in pursuance of our duty to ourselves as well as to the world, we should begin the building of the Canal. But my knowledge—a knowledge which, as regards most of the essential points, was shared by all intelligent and informed people—of the feeling on the Isthmus was such that I was quite prepared to see the people of the Isthmus themselves act in such a way as to make our task easier. They felt that it was of vital importance to them to have the Canal built, for they would be its greatest beneficiaries; and therefore they felt such bitter indignation at Colombia's indifference to their interests and refusal to permit the fruition of their hopes that among them there was a literally unanimous desire for independence. Not only was there not a single man on the Isthmus who wished to perpetuate Colombian

control, but all Colombians sent hither, even the soldiers, after a very short residence grew to share the desire of all Panamans for the establishment* of a separate republic. Hitherto the knowledge that the United States would interfere to stop all disturbances on the Isthmus that interrupted traffic across it had resulted to the benefit of Colombia; and it was this knowledge that had been the chief preventive of revolutionary outbreak. The people of Panama now found themselves in a position in which their interests were identical with the interests of the United States; for the Government of Colombia, with elaborate care, and with a shortsightedness equal to its iniquity, had followed out to its end the exact policy which rendered it morally impossible as well as morally improper for the United States to continue to exercise its power in the interest of Colombia, and against its own interest and the interest of Panama. There was no need for any outsider to excite revolution in Panama. There were dozens of leaders on the Isthmus already doing their best to excite revolution. It was not a case of lighting a fuse that would fire a mine—there were dozens of such fuses being lit all the time; it was simply a case of its ceasing to be the duty of the United States to stamp on these fuses, or longer to act in the interest of those who had become the open and malignant foes of the United States—and of civilization and of the world at large.

Every man who read the newspapers knew that with the failure of Colombia to ratify the Hay-Herran Treaty revolutionary attempts became imminent on the Isthmus. The papers published on the Isthmus themselves contained statements that these revolutions were about to occur, and these statements were published in the Washington and New York and New Orleans papers. From these published statements it appeared that, if the Canal treaty fell through, a revolution would in all probability follow, that hundreds of stacks of arms were being imported, that the Government forces in Panama and Colon were themselves friendly to the revolution, and that there were several distinct and independent centers of revolutionary activity on the Isthmus. It was also announced that the Government at Colombia was hurrying preparations to send troops to Panama to put down the revolution. Of course I did not have to rely merely upon what I saw in the newspapers. From various sources I had

gathered enough to satisfy me that the situation was at least as bad as the papers depicted it. Through two army officers who had visited the Isthmus in September I gained concrete and definite information. They informed me that, owing to the dissatisfaction because of the failure of Colombia to ratify the Hay-Herran Treaty, a revolution was certain to break out on the Isthmus, and that the people were in favor of it, and that it might be expected immediately on the adjournment of the Colombian Congress without ratification of the treaty. In response to my questioning, they said they were certain that a revolution—several different revolutionary movements were being planned independently of one another—would occur immediately after the adjournment of the Colombian Congress in October; while on the Isthmus they had calculated that it would not occur until after October 20, because not until then would a sufficient quantity of arms and munitions have been landed to supply the revolutionaries. Acting in view of all these facts, I sent various naval vessels to the Isthmus. The orders to the American naval officers were to maintain free and uninterrupted transit across the Isthmus, and, with that purpose, to prevent the landing of armed forces with hostile intent at any point within fifty miles of Panama. These orders were precisely such as had been issued again and again in preceding years—1900, 1901, and 1902, for instance. They were carried out. Their necessity was conclusively shown by the fact that a body of Colombian troops had landed at Colon and threatened a reign of terror, announcing their intention of killing all the American citizens in Colon. The prompt action of Captain Hubbard, of the gunboat Nashville, prevented this threat from being put into effect; he rescued the imperiled Americans, and finally persuaded the Colombian troops to re-embark and peacefully return to Colombia.

With absolute unanimity the people of the Isthmus declared themselves an independent republic, and offered immediately to conclude with our Government the treaty which Colombia had rejected, and to make its terms somewhat more favorable to the United States. No bloodshed whatever had occurred, and it could not occur unless we permitted Colombian troops to land. The Republic of Panama was the *de facto* Government, and there was no other on the Isthmus. There were therefore two courses open to us.

One was to turn against the people who were our friends, to abandon them, and permit the people who were our foes to reconquer Panama with frightful bloodshed and destruction of property, and thereby to re-establish and perpetuate the anarchic despotism of the preceding fifty years—inefficient, bloody, and corrupt. The other course was to let our foes pay the penalty of their own folly and iniquity and to stand by our friends, and, as an incident, to prevent all bloodshed and disturbance on the Isthmus by simply notifying Colombia that it would not be permitted to land troops on Panama. Of course we adopted the latter alternative. To have adopted any other course would have been an act not merely of unspeakable folly but of unspeakable baseness; it would have been even more ridiculous than infamous. We recognized the Republic of Panama. Without firing a shot we prevented a civil war. We promptly negotiated a treaty under which the Canal is now being dug. In consequence Panama has for eight years enjoyed a degree of peace and prosperity which it had never before enjoyed during its four centuries of troubled existence. Be it remembered that unless I had acted exactly as I did act there would now be no Panama Canal. It is folly to assert devotion to an end, and at the same time to condemn the only means by which the end can be achieved. Every man who at any stage has opposed or condemned the action actually taken in acquiring the right to dig the Canal has really been the opponent of any and every effort that could ever have been made to dig the Canal. Such critics are not straightforward or sincere unless they announce frankly that their criticism of methods is merely a mask, and that at bottom what they are really criticising is having the Canal dug at all.

The United States has done very much more than its duty to Colombia. Although Colombia had not the slightest claim to consideration of any kind, yet, in the interests of Panama, and so as to close all possible grounds of dispute between Panama and Colombia, the United States some time ago agreed to a tri-party treaty between herself, Colombia, and Panama, by which, as a simple matter of grace and not of right, adequate and generous compensation would have been given Colombia for whatever damage she had suffered; but Colombia refused to agree to the treaty. On this occasion, in my judgment, the United States went to the very

verge of right and propriety in the effort to safeguard Panama's interests by making Colombia feel satisfied. There was not the slightest moral obligation on the United States to go as far as she went; and at the time it seemed to me a grave question whether it was not putting a premium upon international blackmail to go so far. Certainly nothing more should be done. There is no more reason for giving Colombia money to soothe her feelings for the loss of what she forfeited by her misconduct in Panama in 1903 than for giving Great Britain money for what she lost in 1776. Moreover, there is always danger that in such cases an act of mere grace and generosity may be misinterpreted by the very people on whose behalf it is performed, and treated as a confession of wrong-doing. We are now so far away from 1776 that this objection does not apply in that case, and there would be no particular reason why any sentimental persons who feel so inclined should not agitate to have Great Britain paid for the nervous strain and loss of property consequent upon our action in that year and the immediately subsequent years. But we are still too near the Panama incident to be entirely certain that base people would not misunderstand our taking such action in her case; and as there was literally and precisely as much moral justification for what we did in Panama in 1903 as for what we did in our own country in 1776—and indeed even more justification—it is as foolish now to claim that Colombia is entitled, or ever has been entitled, to one dollar because of that transaction as to claim that Great Britain is entitled to be compensated because of the Declaration of Independence.

Not only was the course followed as regards Panama right in every detail and at every point, but there could have been no variation from this course except for the worse. We not only did what was technically justifiable, but we did what was demanded by every ethical consideration, National and international. We did our duty by the world, we did our duty by the people of Panama, we did our duty by ourselves. We did harm to no one save as harm is done to a bandit by a policeman who deprives him of his chance for blackmail. The United States has many honorable chapters in its history, but no more honorable chapter than that which tells of the way in which our right to dig the Panama Canal was secured and of the manner in which the work itself has been carried out.

AN AMERICAN POLITICIAN IN AN ENGLISH ELECTION

BY EVERETT COLBY¹

WHEN the news that Parliament was to be dissolved reached me in Switzerland, I packed up and started for England, arriving on the evening of November 29. It didn't take me long to find out what was going on, nor was I long in discovering that I had become a Liberal sympathizer. One good talk with a Conservative has that effect, just as it has at home to talk to a Regular, and I had been thrown almost constantly with Conservatives during the summer in France. I believe they are the same the world over. "Of course all the Liberals were office-seekers." Did you ever hear that argument before? Sounds natural, doesn't it? "They were going to ruin the country." "They were Socialists." "They were Anarchists." "They would drive capital out of England." "They were going to take the bread out of the poor man's mouth." "They were fakers." And then, of course, to finish off strong, they advanced that novel criticism that they were not sincere.

Let me give you an example of a British standpatter. A retired army officer, a cultivated gentleman, a splendid sportsman and a plenty good enough golfer for me, but a rare old mossback just the same, gave me this one day between putts: "Think of it! Men like Lloyd-George and Churchill making their foolish little talks to working people and posing as British statesmen, when only a few years ago our great statesmen made long speeches and quoted Latin." Don't you see how like they all are, clinging to their dead language! Yet, in spite of all the opposition and ridicule, the Progressives in England, like the Progressives at home, are putting legislation on the statute-books, and forcing the Tory party to accept one reform after the other; and so willingly even does the House of Lords now promise to reform itself that one can almost hear the Duke of Beaufort's wail—"I have voted for every crazy thing the Conservative whips have asked me to vote for during the past five years, but I'll be—blanked—if I'll vote to make myself a figurehead."

¹Special interest attaches to this article because of the prominent part taken by Mr. Colby when he was a State Senator in New Jersey and later in the advancement of progressive political ideas and methods.—THE EDITORS.

It is the old story of forcing the reactionaries out of one ditch into another, and I suppose it will be so until the end of time.

The evening I arrived in London I bought a Liberal paper, and saw a notice to the effect that the Liberal campaign managers, called whips, were in great need of volunteer automobiles to work at the polls, as the law prohibits the hiring of rigs of any description to get out the vote. Thinking it would be a good way to get a glimpse of the workings of their party machinery, I wrote a note offering the service of my car, and, somewhat to my surprise, received, not a letter in reply, but a telegram telling me just where to go on the following day. So there I appeared at the appointed time.

The committee-room of the Master of Elibank, the Liberal candidate, at which I reported, was an empty store in one of the densely populated districts of London. The outside was decorated with Liberal colors, and the windows were plastered with Liberal cartoons. Inside it was as bare as a barn, the only furniture being a long table, upon which were laid a plan of the district and a copy of the registry list. Behind the table the local committeemen were as busy as bees. As I entered, a vender of party ribbons, buttons, and flags offered them for sale, but one of the committee instantly stepped up and notified me that a purchase within the headquarters might invalidate the entire election. That was my first eye-opener to the severity of the Corrupt Practices Act. Having shaken off the vender of ribbons, I introduced myself, and, to avoid any legal complications and in order that I might not get them into any difficulty, told them that I was an American. They replied that they already knew that from the way I talked.

The first thing they did before sending me for voters was to decorate my car with their party colors, a picture of the candidate, and the mystic figures "181" on a huge piece of cardboard. When I inquired what the number was for, it was explained that in theory every car was numbered to prevent confusion, but in fact, on this occasion, the object was to "throw a scare" into their opponents

by making them think we had 181 cars at work in their district.

The method of getting out the vote was much the same as at home, and, with the exception of a rock that struck my chauffeur in the head and some mud that was thrown at us from time to time, the day was uneventful.

I think it speaks pretty well for America that, with all the campaigning I had done during the past few years, when divisions were marked, and the issues of the sort that bite in, I had to go to England to witness the first hostile and overt act of violence against a candidate for office or his friends.

The two things that most impressed me during the day were the thoroughness with which the party work was done, and the absence of corruption in any form. The card-index system is perfect; not an elector escapes. The committee not only knows every name on the register, but knows just what time every voter wants to be called for; and, to this end, there is kept in each committee-room a book, divided into compartments—a compartment for each half-hour while the polls are open—into which are placed slips, made up by the canvassers before the election, giving the name and address of the voter and the hour he wants to come to the polls. Every party voter, as he casts his ballot and walks out of the booth, hands a card to one of the workers, notifying headquarters that he has cast his vote, so that his name may be checked up on the register.

The workers attached to the automobile squadron are furnished with little electric flash-lights, with which to find the numbers on the houses in the more poorly lighted streets. I felt quite like Sherlock Holmes, or Dick, the Old Sleuth, and was having the time of my life following the workers, when, literally speaking, I "put my foot in it." At one house we found the door open, but no one answered the bell. Seeing a court in the rear, it occurred to me to pass through and try to find some one. But before I had gone far I was dragged back with the warning that if I was seen placing my foot over the threshold without invitation from the owner, it would cost the votes of every one in the house. It seems the Briton is very touchy on this point.

The reason that the campaign work in England is more thorough than in the United States is, strange as it may seem, due, not to the perfection of the law, but to its defects. The original registry list is made up in a very

haphazard and casual way by the Supervisor of the Poor in every parish, without, apparently, any serious attempt at accuracy. Then it is left to the party workers to complete. This is done before a Revisory Barrister, who holds court once a year for the purpose of hearing claims and objections. At these hearings there are many bitter political quarrels. In 1898 the Revision Court sitting in Liverpool heard 13,000 claims and objections, out of a total electorate of 84,000. The trick of padding the registry is known outside of the United States.

Now this responsibility for correcting and completing the registration, falling entirely, as it does, on the candidate and the party workers, gives them a better knowledge of conditions than when the registry is prepared, or supposed to be prepared, by election officers.

Another reason for this thoroughness is that the Corrupt Practices Act is so severe and so rigidly enforced, and so limits the number of workers who may receive pay at an election, that it forces the friends of the candidate into the field as volunteer canvassers.

This results, too, in one of the most attractive features of a British campaign—the work done by the women, who are extraordinarily efficient; almost all the relatives of the candidate taking a conspicuous part, and the candidate's wife always being called upon at a meeting to say a few words. I should think that the volunteer workers at the polls in England outnumber ours eight to one.

On the question of corruption, I find a difference of opinion. Among American writers, most of them agree that it is rapidly being eliminated. In England, whether because of equal guilt in the practice or because of national pride, both sides claim that there is little if any bribery at elections. In view of the hideous corruption in England before the Reform Act, and even of later years in some of the southern boroughs, it is interesting to try to account for the success in finally reducing to a minimum this very serious evil. In a great measure, no doubt, it is due to the fact that all legislation of a private character is handled in committee, thus eliminating the direct interest of corporations seeking franchises and the like, and also to the fact that England has been free from the corruption which springs from an unjust and unscientific tariff law.

I believe that the Corrupt Practices Act and the vigor with which it is enforced con-

stitute the most potent factor. Of course, like all statutes that go to the extreme, many of its provisions, such as those dealing with "treating" and "undue influence," become nugatory and ridiculous; but the moral effect has been exceedingly beneficial. Not only does it strictly limit the amount a candidate may spend, but it makes it dangerous for the candidate if other people spend money in his behalf, even though it be without his knowledge. It provides the number of workers who may receive pay for their work, and disqualifies them from voting. The law also compels the candidate and his manager, or agent, as he is called, to file a declaration under oath giving an account of all disbursements with vouchers, and a statement of every dollar received, and the name of the person who gave it.

No ballots are distributed outside of the polling-booth; every voter has a registration number, and a record of his vote is kept for one or two years. This last provision prevents many forms of fraud from being perpetrated, but is, in theory, if not in fact, an infringement upon the secrecy of the ballot, and I doubt if it would be received with favor at home.

When the voter enters the voting-place, he receives a ballot which is detached from a stub, both the stub and the ballot bearing the same number. The voter then retires to a booth and marks his ballot as he sees fit, comes out and drops it in the box, but at the same time the election officer marks the voter's registration number on the stub. When the polls are closed, the ballots are counted in the presence of the candidate or his agent, and the result is publicly announced. Then the registry list, the ballot-box, and the book of stubs are sealed up and sent to the Clerk of the Crown, who keeps them subject to the order of the courts. By this method the courts, for a period of one or two years, can trace every ballot back to the person who casts it.

On the day before election, in one of the districts I was visiting, a Liberal worker came to the candidate and reported that a neighboring borough was in good shape and loyal, but something needed to be done to stir it up. The worker wanted sufficient money to hire a coach and four which he could decorate and drive about the borough to call the attention of the voters to the fact that they must be up and doing. But the candidate said he had already reached his legal limit of expenditure, and therefore could do no more. I suggested

that I might hire the coach, but that, too, was found to be illegal, as I had said a few words at one of the candidate's meetings, thereby becoming his agent, and any expenditures of mine would have to be included in the candidate's statement. So the project of the coach had to be abandoned.

Another case brought to my attention was that of a member of Parliament who had married an American girl. In one of his campaigns, a short time ago, his wife's brother, wishing to be of assistance in some way but not knowing the law, went to a public garage in London and hired several automobiles, which were sent into the district and used during election day without the knowledge of the candidate. As the law prohibits the hiring of rigs of any kind, this violation, together with the fact that certain small expenditures of money were not included in the agent's declaration which technically should have been entered as political expenses, was sufficient to unseat him.

Let me take you to an English political meeting at Ipswich, where the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the great Liberal leader, Lloyd-George, spoke. The streets were alive with people, many decorated with blue and yellow ribbons, blowing lustily on horns; while others, marching arm in arm by platoons singing their party songs, shouted a challenge to opponents to break the line on penalty of broken heads. A trolley car slowly made its way through the dense crowd. On the top was a valiant partisan who, believing discretion the better part of valor, waved his yellow flag and shook his fist at little groups of blue from his perfectly "safe and sane" point of vantage. A little farther down the street a mob was seen standing before the skating-rink patiently waiting to catch a glimpse of the great man as he entered the hall. For an hour and a half the doors had been closed on a great seething mass within, while a fire brigade and the police formed a cordon around the outside of the building. Having a little yellow ticket, that somehow made all the policemen get on their toes, I was shown around to the rear door, and, with the speakers, passed up an aisle, and cut through a cheering, singing, howling, raving throng to a platform at the end of the hall. It was a great sight—that monster crowd which for several minutes lost complete control of itself and went off into perfect spasms of enthusiasm, quite upsetting to my preconceived notions of the phlegmatic Briton.

Soon, however, the crowd quieted down, and the chairman lost no time in introducing Lloyd-George—a small man with a little brown mustache that turned down, then in, and then up again into his mouth. His eyes are small—I think they are small—I know they are shrewd, but I do not remember the color. Perhaps they change color every once in a while. Anyway, they looked serious one moment, then danced the next. His hair grew down over his collar nearly to his shoulders. He was soon under full sail, and I had an opportunity of watching the audience. All eyes, as big as saucers, were glued on the speaker, under-jaws dropped, and absolute hero-worship was marked on every face. With the simple faith and confidence of children, they were ready to cry or laugh with Lloyd-George, and sometimes they did not know which to do. A story or joke that, with us, would not have raised a smile, provoked screams of laughter; but at the same time, and somewhat to my surprise, any appeal to their sympathies or to their imagination met with instant response. There was none of the questioning “Show me!” look of the American crowd, which comes not only from a higher average of education, but also from the fact that the Americans are “on to” the politicians, while the Englishman still takes flattery and bun-bun in big doses, and likes it.

Lloyd-George began very quietly by telling his audience that he wanted to take the opportunity of refuting a very serious charge that had been made against him. Some citizen had written a public letter requesting him to explain why he had sold an estate in Scotland worth £50,000 (or \$250,000) before he introduced his Budget. Then, dropping his voice as though to take the audience into his confidence, he said that after the election he was going up to Scotland to try to find that estate. He did not know where it was. He added, “Probably some peer has it.” This was greeted with howls of laughter, and a voice from the rear, “That’s right, rub it in, Lloyd-George, rub it in good.”

Then, referring to the Budget, he told how it had been criticised by his opponents, and how the Tory party had torn it to shreds, especially the particular feature known as “Form 4,” which was stated to be the dream of a madman. “And, gentlemen,” he continued, and by this time half the audience were sitting on the edges of their chairs, “when Parliament convened, I was there”

(looking at his watch) “on the tick of the minute and anticipating a perfect broadside of questions, and ready to answer every one; but where were my opponents, who had so much to say while I was in Europe? They were not there. The Opposition bench was almost empty. Those who were there remained silent. Where was their boasted fight? Gone. I looked them in the eye.” (Applause, and a shout, “That’s the boy!”) “I took off my coat.” (More cheers.) “I trailed it under their noses” (howls of delight); “told them to step on it, but they never moved.” (Tumult.)

Then he sobered down, and ended abruptly with these words, as near as I can remember them: “The other day I took a walk—a walk through some of the beauty spots of England. I saw the woods, and the streams, and our beautiful hills, and on some the sun was shining, and on others there were shadows, and I thought to myself, how strange that some there are who believe that all those beautiful places should be held in the hands of a few men.” A long pause, then he whipped out like thunder, his right arm going around like a windmill in a sixty-mile gale, “But I tell you God Almighty made those beauty spots for all the sons of men.” Lloyd-George, in those few words, struck the note that now finds a sympathetic chord wherever earnest men gather to talk of things as they may be, when the world knows a little less of evil and a whole lot more of good.

I lodged at the Great White Horse Tavern, and was conducted to Mr. Pickwick’s room, the one in which he had such a thrilling adventure, and I had not gone far in my journey to this interesting chamber before I understood poor Mr. Pickwick’s dilemma, for never was there a more crooked way, not excepting that which leadeth to destruction! I was assured by my landlady that nothing had been changed since the eventful night when the London coach rumbled up to the door of the tavern with Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, to say nothing of Mr. Magnus of the “striped bag and the red bag and the brown paper parcel.”

Naturally my thoughts dwelt on the great meeting I had just attended. What would Mr. Pickwick think of the great changes that had taken place in England since the night he tried to sleep in that same bed? Would he see in some of the leaders of the day the same traits, the same motives, and the same

ambitions that found lodgment in the inspired breasts of the Hon. Samuel Slunskey of Slunskey Hall, and Horatio Feskin of Feskin Lodge, both of the town of Eatonswill?

Soon, undoubtedly, I should have fallen asleep had not the sound of breaking glass made me sit up and exclaim with Mr. Pickwick, "Bless my soul! What a dreadful thing!" I tumbled out of bed and reconnoitered. The Great White Horse, as the headquarters of the Conservatives, was withstanding a siege, and a riot was progressing merrily in the street below. The Liberals, it seems, having adjourned, had marched in a body to the Conservative meeting, followed the candidates to their headquarters, appropriated the lights from their motors, stolen the rosettes from their horses' bridles, and, having started a fight with the police and smashed the windows of the hotel, finished up by singing "Yip-I-addy-I-ay."

Now, for fear that the reader may think I didn't take the trouble to hear both sides of the political controversy, let me tell him something about a Conservative meeting I attended.

It happened to be one which affords a good illustration of what is called "heckling," which simply means "playing horse" with the speakers, and of the peculiarity of the English system that permits a member of the House of Commons to represent any constituency from which he can be elected. The candidate himself was a fine-looking fellow with all the splendid qualities that one finds in the best type of Englishman, but a confirmed Conservative both by taste and family tradition, frankly confessing distrust of the people, opposed to all progress, and as blind as a bat to the real meaning of the fight in which he was engaged. Yet this man was the Conservative candidate in a factory district, a district in which he had never set foot before his nomination, and with the residents of which he was entirely out of sympathy. Could anything be more absurd?

When we arrived at the candidate's committee-room, we learned that the candidate was sick and would not be able to attend the meeting, and I judged, from the glimpse of the crowd standing in line in front of the hall, that trouble was in store for those in charge. I knew it was a Liberal district, and the meeting would be composed largely, if not entirely, of Liberal sympathizers. However, we formed a procession and marched on to the platform. The hall was packed, and all, following the elegant example set by the House of Com-

mons, kept their hats on. The chairman, an amiable person, but with just about as much "scent" for the situation as a bull-terrier on the trail of a fox, tripped lightly to the front of the platform, and, with that facility of expression and tact for which the Englishman is so noted, informed the meeting that the candidate had eaten oysters for lunch, and therefore would not be present in person to address them. Now, in England, horse-play is a science, and this year a book was published and could be bought at any of the newsstands giving all sorts of questions that might be put to the candidates of both parties to embarrass them; but this crowd needed no book nor any encouragement. No sooner had the chairman made this announcement than trouble began. "Ho, ho!" they shouted, "he is in a blue funk." "He is afraid to come." "Why don't you fetch him in a crib?" "We want to see what he looks like." They then sang, "Oh, where is our wandering boy to-night?"

Order was restored at last, and the meeting might have been pulled off had the chairman not made a little slip by first explaining that he was present to speak for his *old* friend the candidate, and then, a few minutes later, inadvertently admitting that he had known him only a few days! After that it was all over but the shouting.

A typical English Admiral, retired, then tried to stem the tide, but it was of no use. He was greeted with, "Halloo there, old salt!" "Abaft there!" and "Ship ahoy!" And then they sang, "Every nice girl loves a sailor."

The Admiral, above the din—

"Gentlemen, gentlemen! Let me go on!"

"No, no; get off, you mean. We want to see the candidate."

With true British tenacity, the Admiral stood by the ship, and after a few minutes there was a lull, and he thought he was going to have a chance to continue; so he pulled down his waistcoat, took out his notes, and, in stentorian tones that could be heard above the tempest, shouted:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Why should England—"

But that was as far as he got. He had simply pressed the button, the crowd did the rest—

"Be ruled by the lords?"

Shortly after this the meeting broke up, and the next day the district went "Liberal" by about a million, roughly speaking.

I attended another interesting meeting in

London, at which John Burns, the labor leader and member of the Cabinet, spoke. I drove out in a taxi, and was surprised, on reaching the hall, to see a squad of police drawn up before the door, the sidewalk for half a block each side of the entrance cleared, and a crowd of people herded like sheep on the opposite side of the street. A policeman opened the door of the cab and led me up to one of the three doors, all of which were closed, locked, and apparently bolted. He then knocked. There was a scuffle within, a small window cut in the door was opened, and a faint and mysterious voice inquired what was wanted. The policeman said that a gentleman wanted to get in.

"Who is he?"

"I don't know."

Then to me—"Who are you?"

"My name is Colby."

"Are you alone?"

"I am."

"Wait a minute."

The window was closed, and I heard the chap within run off to consult the officials. Then I turned to the officer and inquired what all this nonsense was about, and he replied, with the solemn and subdued air with which they all discuss the German invasion, "Hist! Women!"

And, sure enough, to scare a few women, they had a force around the building almost as large, with the possible exception of a Corps of Engineers and the Signal Service, as was called out a few weeks later to capture two men asleep in a house in Houndsditch.

When there is really big work to be done the Lion is splendid, but in a china shop he is worse than the proverbial bull.

At this meeting I was particularly impressed by the change that has taken place during the last two or three years in the attitude of the British public toward the upper classes. All writers on England point out the fact, and President Lowell, of Harvard, in his book on the Government of England, lays special emphasis upon it, that the great mass of people in England love royalty and have a sincere reverence for the peerage. That this is still true to a great extent is evidenced by the very apparent pride the Liberal party feels in having a man like Winston Churchill as one of their leaders; but I noticed, nevertheless, a very marked change in this respect at all the meetings I attended. Little things at times become significant, and, from the way certain jokes

found the bull's-eye, I could see that the constant ridicule to which the House of Lords had been subjected was beginning to tell, and doing more effective execution for the cause of reform than force could ever do.

One speaker, for instance, in telling a story, walked up and down the platform mimicking, to the delight of the crowd, the way in which country lads and lasses curtsy or doff their caps to a squire or a noble lord.

Now, evidence of a corruption of manner is not necessarily an encouraging sign in the growth of democracy, unless it springs as a recoil from servility; and the fact that in Switzerland one finds the most perfect manners in the people of all classes and ages would seem to prove that both freedom and dignity are possible without parading a disregard for the feelings of our fellows. It is to be hoped, therefore, that a certain boorishness that one now finds in England is but a passing phase of the struggle, thrown off like a spark in the clash of opposing social forces.

Another speaker at this meeting recited a perfectly ridiculous poem, entitled "The Oldest Son of his Father," which brought down the house. To be sure, it was awful stuff. It was about the sporting son of an eminent divine, who thought he ought to have the old man's job because he was the oldest son of his father. Utter nonsense! Yes. But if you could have heard the shouts with which verse after verse was greeted, you would understand that the point had gone home. Some people may say that this ridicule is exaggerated and undeserved. In some cases that is so. There are a few noble families in England that of late years have given to their country of their very best in life and blood, and a few who still live up to all the better traditions of nobility; but I think it may safely be said that this is not the case with the majority, who, while probably no better or worse than the average of their fellow-countrymen, yet do nothing to give them title to control the destiny of so great a nation.

Now, this ridicule I describe is not yet bitter. There is still the very evident desire to hold on to the old-established institutions. The English people want them as landmarks. There is no desire to blow anything up. They have always loved the show of royalty, and they think they do still, but sometimes they smile just a little at themselves, and that of course is the beginning of the end.

John Burns at this meeting said he wanted the Lords to indulge themselves as much as they liked in their "archaic ceremonials," but he didn't want them to stand in the way of progress; and he spoke for the great majority of the Liberal and Labor parties. In other words, in England there will be no revolution. That which is useless to the body politic will be sloughed off like any portion of the human body that performs no useful function. But this process of reform by evolution is a slow one, and, in the very nature of things, must give rise to much merry-making at the expense of our stolid cousins, as we see their distinctly modern order stalking along in the garb of five hundred years ago.

Pick up any morning paper, and what do you read? On the same page with the up-to-date news describing Lord So-and-so's flight in an aeroplane is a notice issued by the Earl Marshal that his lordship, when he appears at the Coronation of the King, is entitled to wear two and one-half rows of ermine on the sleeve of his mantle, while her ladyship must wear a gown "consisting of a kirtle of crimson velvet bordered all round with a narrow edging of miniver scalloped in front. It may be gathered back in three festoons, each tied with a bow of gold tinsel."

On another page is a big heading, "Scion of Ancient House Marries an Actress," and in the next column is a notice that a Court will sit on a certain day to hear the claims of peers to rights and privileges at the Coronation Ceremony.

"The Earl of Shrewsbury will be heard as to his title to carry the white wand as signal of his office as Lord Steward of Ireland."

"The Clerk of the Crown as to his title to record the proceedings in the Abbey, and his claim to be supplied with five yards of scarlet cloth according to ancient usage."

"The Duke of Newcastle to provide a glove for the King's right hand, and to support his Majesty's right arm while holding the scepter."

"Lord Hastings to carry the Great Spurs."

"Lord Marcher, as the Baron of Kemes, to carry the King's Silver Harp in the procession."

I do not speak of these "archaic ceremonials" in any spirit of derision of a great nation that has played a glorious part in the world's history, but simply to illustrate the two points I set out to make; namely, that the English people are little by little begin-

ning to realize that distinctions between men based on anything but merit and character are not essential in an enlightened government, and that their habit of thought and action is such as to lead them to hold on to the old while building new foundations under their feet.

Shortly before the meeting was adjourned I left and went into the streets to hear some of the speeches made from carts to the crowd that was unable to get into the hall. One speaker said that the Irish who had gone to America were exiles in a foreign land. I thought that was "going some." Another fellow said they did not want taxation without representation. That was pretty good, too, but would have sounded better some one hundred and fifty years ago. Then I heard a lot from the Conservatives about Redmond's American money, and the flaming interrogation met one at every turn, "Shall Britons be sold for foreign gold?"

The Tories could not say enough that was bitter and spiteful about American dollars; but when the Liberals retorted that the Lords had no objection to American money when they married it, they were stigmatized as vulgarians and beasts.

About this time a procession of Home Rulers, with an Irish band, came along, and, in the confusion that ensued, the meetings were adjourned.

Now for a brief sketch of British statesmen at short range, and I am done.

Shortly after the John Burns meeting I was invited to visit a friend who was a candidate for Parliament.

The house was full of politicians, big and little, from Winston Churchill himself down to less conspicuous aspirants to honors in the Liberal camp, all of whom, having finished their fights in different parts of the country, had come down to lend a hand to the son of our host, whose election was but two days off.

I arrived on Sunday; a big meeting was scheduled for Monday evening, and election day was set for the following Tuesday. Monday noon I attended a factory meeting with the candidate. The men were seated around a fire having their lunch when we arrived, and they invited us to join the circle. It was interesting to me to see the naturalness with which the candidate, the son of a peer, took to the situation—like a duck to water—and the lack of restraint with which the men received him and kept him on the rack with questions.

Of course the Conservatives had worked the "nobleman's son" argument for all it was worth, saying that the poor could hope for nothing from him were he elected; but one of the speakers at the evening meeting put a quietus on that line of attack by saying that he "preferred the son of a lord who voted for the people, to a son of the people who voted for the lords;" and that was apparently the opinion of the men, for he seemed to have their entire confidence.

In the afternoon Churchill went out to play golf; the other men in the party scattered; but the women, according to a good old English custom which properly emphasizes the superiority of our sex, stuck to the work of canvassing until it was dark and time to return for dinner, which, by the way, was a most informal affair. There were five meetings scheduled for the evening, so that various squads left the table from time to time, were hustled into motors and sent off to the different points to keep the pot boiling until the candidate arrived. Then, too, the ladies straggled in from their canvassing after dinner had begun, tired but full of enthusiasm and with interesting tales of conquest in arguments with their neighbors. Churchill was quite unmoved by all the excitement, and refused to be hurried, and finally, when his friends were obliged to drag him from the dining-room, he quietly took his cup from the table and finished his coffee at the door.

There is no doubt about it, he is an exceedingly interesting piece of work—stoop-shouldered and only of medium height, without a suggestion of color in his face, and with his light hair brushed straight back from his forehead until it meets the hair on the back of his head coming the other way, which then flares out like fans over and behind his ears; and, with a nose that looks as though it might turn up at any moment, but doesn't, the impression one receives is not that of great beauty, or of one physically very strong.

He wore the conventional frock-coat and a chain around his waist like a belt, but it was not a belt, for both ends got lost in the pockets of his trousers. I was curious to know what were on the ends of the chain—possibly handcuffs, as he is head of the constabulary, but more likely only a pencil or a prosaic bunch of keys.

As a conversationalist at the table Churchill did not shine. For the most part he was silent, but, in one of those lulls in the conversation that come at irregular intervals

at the best-regulated dinner parties, he ventured the gracious remark to our hostess that he did not like his room because it smelt of camphor balls!—a remark for which he was roundly berated by the rest of the company, who were unusually comfortable and happy. Allowance, of course, must be made for the fact that he was a kinsman, and therefore pardoned and even encouraged in the thousand and one little idiosyncrasies and foibles which all men of genius are permitted to nurse and coddle to their heart's content, and then work off on their admiring and patient friends.

The big meeting in the evening was a great success. Churchill made a brilliant speech, clear, concise, forceful, argumentative, and witty. He speaks with a slight impediment, more like a shy palate than a stutter, which rather adds to than detracts from his effectiveness. When he had finished, the chairman of the meeting asked me to say something about American bosses and the effect of an unjust tariff on machine politics, which I was very glad to do.

I do not know the cause of it, but, for some inexplicable reason, the word "boss" seems to possess a peculiar fascination for the English people, for in their estimation it ranks, with the name of Jesse James or any other famous bandit with whose "hold-ups" and exploits every British school-boy is regaled, as a real thriller. Anyway, they like to hear about the "bosses," and whatever their opinion of some of our leading statesmen may be, if distance did not lend enchantment, I felt under no obligation to disillusion them.

During the remainder of my visit nothing could have been more interesting than the intimate discussions I heard about the big men in the arena—Balfour, Asquith, Lord Rosebery, and others, of whom I had only read; and I was particularly struck with Churchill's fairness of judgment toward political opponents when his colleagues would be led into unfair and bitter criticism by party prejudice and spite. He is a big man with men.

One of the younger men, and, I was told, one of the rising stars in the Liberal party, was perfectly delightful in the fresh, unaffected, and natural frankness with which he told of his own prowess in the field. Standing before the great fire where he had plenty of play for both arms and legs, he told of his fight against Admiral Lord Charles Beresford. "Oh, I say. We did have a merry fight up

our way. Just fancy. I had to call his lordship, the Admiral, a liar; and he was jolly cross about it, too. And when he tried to explain, I told my constituents that they could easily see from what his lordship had said that, whether in or out of the House of Commons, he was always at sea! I say now, that was ripping, wasn't it? Clever, too!"

I felt that the foundations upon which he based his charge had extremely thin legs, but that did not affect the inimitable way in which the story was told.

I want very briefly to suggest, without discussing, a few of the features of English politics which I found the most interesting, and a few of the conclusions I reached:

1. That we are further advanced than England in independence of thought and action, and much freer from party ties. This is illustrated by the fact that in England there is absolute "bossism" in so far as nominations are concerned. There is rarely a contest within the party—the word of the party leaders is law. The Civil Service and the manner of dealing with all private bills, how-

ever, prevent this tendency from resulting in corruption as it does with us.

2. That the workingmen are taking a keen interest in temperance and common sense liquor legislation, and discussing the whole excise problem freely and with candor.

3. That the progressive leaders at home have wider interests and sympathies than those in Great Britain. The vision of the reform leaders in Great Britain is circumscribed by the boundaries of their island, while at home men like Roosevelt and La Follette and others see a world movement in the great awakening.

4. That we have a great deal to learn from the English election law, and that English elections are practically free from corruption.

5. That the forces of progress, both in men and measures, are a mixture of the good and the bad. The Radicals throughout the world are emphasizing the good, the Conservatives lay stress upon the bad.

6. That reform which unfolds gradually from within outwards is more logical and lasting than that brought about by clapping on the lid.

THE MASTER BUILDER

"As he is, so are we in this world"

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

FIFTEENTH ARTICLE

THE DEATH OF THE MASTER

IN this series of articles I am not attempting to tell the story of the Master's life, nor even to describe adequately those incidents in the life of the Master which are the subject of narration. My object is simply to point out certain elements in those incidents which make them an example and an inspiration for his followers. The story of the Master's death has often been told, but never so effectively, because never so simply, as in the four New Testament narratives. In this paper, only to certain incidents given in those narratives do I seek to call the reader's attention.

A strange procession was that which followed the Master to the place of his execu-

tion—the priests glorying in the victory which they had won, the rabble more ignorant than malignant, the disciples and friends overwhelmed with perplexity and plunged in despair. Accompanying this procession were Judean women who lamented the sad fate of the Master with the usual forms of Jewish mourning. Beating upon their breasts, they filled the air with loud and ostentatious outcries. Possibly his unshaken fortitude appealed to their sympathies. More probably, ignorant of the real cause of his condemnation, and seeing only the inscription upon the cross carried before him, in which he was entitled the King of the Jews, they mourned this new shame put by Gentile hands upon their nation. It is certain that

these daughters of Jerusalem were not disciples of the Master, since among the Judeans he had few disciples, and certainly none who dared openly to lament him. Roman law forbade such lamentation for a criminal; but it is not in the power of law to restrain the sympathies of women. The tears of these unexpected mourners touched the heart of the Master. Forgetful of his own sufferings in the reflection that these mourners would live to see the day when, from a thousand crosses erected by the legions of the Roman general around the walls of the doomed city, a thousand Jewish corpses would hang in ghastly array, and when, from the thundering hosts marching over these same hills for the destruction of the city, these mothers and their now infant babies would vainly seek refuge, he turned to them with a sympathetic message: "Weep," said he, "not for me; weep for yourselves and your children."

Arrived at the place of execution, for the first time this scene of accumulated horrors was alleviated by an act of honest but mistaken mercy. An association of women was organized in Jerusalem to alleviate the sufferings of condemned criminals. They accompanied the accused to the place of crucifixion, prepared and proffered to him a drink of acid wine mingled with myrrh, which acted as a sort of anæsthetic, and, blunting the senses, rendered the pains of death more endurable. They thought they found warrant for this in the Scriptural injunction, "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts." Such a draught was proffered to the Master before he was nailed to the cross, perhaps by the very women who had bewailed his death. He declined to receive it. He would not meet death with a stupid soul, but with all his powers alert.

With no gentleness, the stolid soldiers proceeded to the execution of the sentence. The Master was laid upon the cross, the nails were then driven through the hands and feet, and the cross itself was elevated with the sacred sufferer upon it. At this beginning of the hours of torture that were to follow, there was wrung from his lips a cry for mercy—not for himself, but for his executioners. "Father," he cried, "forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Tissot has painted a wonderful picture representing the groups which the Master saw from the cross. The cross itself is not in the

picture. The spectator takes, as it were, his place beside the Master, and sees what the Master saw—the gambling soldiers, the exultant priests, the curious and careless rabble. Among these groups was one composed of the friends of the Master, and, in that group, two whom he especially loved, his mother and John, the beloved disciple. John was already drinking of the cup which his Master drank, and the mother was realizing the prophecy uttered thirty years before, "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also." The Master had little strength left, not enough to utter a connected, completed sentence. In faltering accents, he commended the broken-hearted mother to the unswerving friend, "Woman—behold—thy son. Son—behold—thy mother."

On either side of the Master were crucified with him two brigands—probably Galilean zealots who made their patriotism a cover for robbery and murder, and had finally been arrested and condemned for participation in an outbreak in Jerusalem itself. One of these men, in that spirit of bravado which often characterizes the lower class of criminals, joined in the mockery with the multitude. "If," said he, "you are the Messiah, save both yourself and us." The other had a real, though ignorant and superstitious, faith in a future kingdom for Israel. Indignant at the implication that the Master was a ring-leader in these sins of violence, he rebuked his comrade in crime, and bore witness alike to his own guilt and to the innocence of the Master. His contrition was not very deep, nor his faith very intelligent, but he showed a real regret for his past life and a real desire for something better in the prayer, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." The Master demanded nothing more. He had received in silence the taunts of the one. To this appeal of the other he responded with instant promise of forgiveness and a future life, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

For three hours the Master had been upon the cross, and the sun had but just passed the zenith when a preternatural night seemed to gather over Calvary. Dark masses of waterless clouds gathered slowly, and, filling the air with murky darkness, gradually obscured the sun. A supernatural twilight clothed everything in an awe-inspiring indistinctness. The silent birds hurried, stricken with strange fear, to their nests. A heavy atmosphere oppressed the lungs with a

strange sense of suffocation. That singular feeling of terrible insecurity which precedes the earthquake oppressed all hearts. The people gathered in groups to speak in subdued tones of the meaning of this evil portent. And still, amid the gathering gloom, these three figures hung in solemn silence—the taunts of the people hushed, the dice of the boisterous soldiers laid aside. And still John and his adopted mother watched with patient and unfearing but awe-stricken hearts what the end might be. A heavier, darker shadow fell on the heart of the Master. Once more the sins of the whole world were borne in silent grief by his struggling heart. The prayer of his soul seemed to fail in its upward flight. Bearing in his own heart the burden of our sins, he suffered at that moment seeming banishment from the presence of that Father in whom he trusted. He had told the disciples that they would be scattered and would leave him alone, and yet he would not be alone because the Father would be with him. But now this deeper loneliness fell upon him, the loneliness of a devout soul seemingly separated from God. But even in this hour his faith did not wholly desert him. God was still his God. “*My God, my God,*” he cried, “why hast thou forsaken me?”

The end was near. A sudden sense of faintness proclaimed to him that release had come at last. The work which his Father had given him to do, he had accomplished. The suffering which that Father’s work involved, he had borne. The crisis to which that Father’s work had called him, he had met—not without a struggle, but yet without hesitation. He could look back upon the past without regret and upon the future without foreboding. With a voice clear and full at the last, he proclaimed the completion of his divine mission of suffering love, “It is finished;” and his revived faith in his Father’s presence, “Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit.” Then his head drooped upon his breast, and all was over.

Is there in this experience of the Master any inspiration for our lives, any example for us to follow? Does his command, “Follow me,” cease to be significant when he comes to his Passion? Must we stand at a distance and adore a sacrifice too sacred for our imitating? Or can we be as he was, even in this culminating hour of his life?

I believe that whatever was highest,

purest, divinest in the life of the Master is a summons to his disciples; that there is nothing in his life, as there is nothing in his teaching, in which we ought not to see a command from which we may derive courage for ourselves. Every aspiration which his life kindles in us we ought to convert into a purpose; we can develop into an achievement. But we cannot share in the death of the Master unless we have participated in his life. We may creep into the Master’s mercy with the penitent thief, humiliated and ashamed; but we cannot share the victorious dying of the Son of God unless we have lived as sons of God.

Paul sums up religious experience in three words, Faith, Hope, Love. Faith enables us to see the unseen and eternal. Hope sees in every-day life the promise of a better to-morrow. Love forgets self in service and sacrifice for others. These three experiences in the Master converted the experience of the cross into a transcendent glory. Faith inspired in his heart the cry, “*My God, my God.*” Hope gave, through him, to the unworthy companion at his side the assurance of paradise. Love enabled him to forget his own sorrow in pity for the weeping women, mercy for the brutal soldiers, compassion for his mother and her adopted son. Faith, Hope, and Love were his inspiration in the hour of his death, because they had been the secret springs of his conduct throughout life: Faith from the day when, as a boy, he said to his mother, “Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business;” Hope from the day when he began to preach the Glad Tidings in the darkest period of human history; Love from the day when, in anger, he drove out the oppressors of the people from the Temple which they disgraced.

What do we mean by Faith, Hope, Love?

Faith is the vision of the invisible, the certitude of the unproved. Inspired by faith, we know ourselves to be walking in two worlds, to be living in two companionships. The visible we know to be the transient, the invisible to be the enduring. God ceases to be a hypothesis and becomes the Great Reality. We see him by our side, the sharer of our joys and of our sorrows, our Counselor and Great Companion, who illumines our understanding, purifies our affections, and strengthens our wills, who guides us in our perplexity, encourages us to assume tasks too great for our unaided powers, and, when we

have fallen, lifts us up and gives us heart to begin our life afresh. We know him as our Comrade and Commander: whose service we have entered, whose appointment we have accepted, whose mission is our whole ambition, whose approving love it is our highest wish to win. He is to us the end of our hopes, the fulfillment of our aims, the secret of our life.

Hope in him gives us assurance of the final issue. We are working not only for him, but with him, and our faith in him gives us faith in ourselves and in our future. We cannot fail, because out of our failures he will bring success. We cannot be disappointed, because the disappointment which he appoints for us fulfills our ambition. We shall have sorrows; but we can never be sorrowful, because to suffer for him is our joy, and sorrows which come in his service are joy-bringing sorrows. We cannot be lonely, because our highest and best companionship is in our hours of solitude. When we cannot mount up on eagle wings, we can run and not be weary; when we cannot run for weariness, we can walk and not faint. Even injustice suffered from the cowardice or the cruelty of men loses its bitterness, for we remember that when the treacherous Judas, the cruel Caiaphas, and the cowardly Pilate combined to send our Master to the cross, he said: "The cup which my Father giveth me, shall I not drink of it?" The littlest service, the most tiresome drudgery, become part of a great enterprise, and defeat is transformed into victory. Though the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain, we know that all things work together for good, and we are in all things conquerors and more than conquerors. For the pains are the travail pains of a new birth.

Inspired by this faith and this hope, we give ourselves to his service. This service is the service of his children. We find the inspiration for that service, not in their appreciation, but in his approval. Love for him is love for his children; love for his children is love for him. These are not two loves, but one love; not two impulses, but one impulse; not two services, but one service. Piety and philanthropy are synonyms. He is always working in and with his children—the Master's life interprets the Father's life—ministering to their merriment, giving them their daily bread, quickening their thought by the unsolved questions which life is ever putting to

them, guiding their love by the love of friends, of family, of the little children. To work for our fellow-men is to work with their Father. We are nearest to him when we are nearest to our neighbor. We are most truly his companion when we are companionship those whom he companions.

He who has had these three—Faith, Hope, Love—as his companions and counselors throughout his life, will not find them desert him in the time of his sorrow or in the hour of his death. If he has lived in loyal companionship with his Father, if he has looked forward to the final accomplishment of his Father's Kingdom, and if, in faithful work for that great end, he has lived a life inspired by love showing itself in service, then in the hour of overwhelming disaster he will not be overwhelmed, because in the midst of seeming moral chaos he will still believe in a God who rules the world; in the midst of darkness he will foresee a bright tomorrow; and when he can no longer render service to those whom he loves, he will forget himself in thoughts for them which will not prove unfruitful.

The Master told his disciples that he would be with them alway, even to the end of the world. Some of his followers interpret this figuratively. They understand him to mean that the influence of his teaching and his example will continue as long as human history continues. Others give it a more personal interpretation. They understand him to mean that he will be with them personally, their Leader and Master.

This is my faith. I believe, not merely that the Master's influence survived his death; I believe that the Master survived his death; that he remained a living Personality; that his apparent defeat was his real victory; that his death was his deliverance from the limitations of the body, in order that he might be among all people what he had been to the Twelve, in all lands what he had been in Palestine, throughout all the centuries what he had been in the first century. I believe, with Harnack, that nothing good has ever been achieved without the leadership of a great personality, and that Christianity, the greatest of all achievements, has been under the leadership of the greatest of all Personalities. He is still the Master Builder. I believe, with Forbes Robinson, that we may share in the universal life which penetrates and vivifies all, and which makes men forget

themselves and their ills, and be pure, simple, healthy, and unselfish; and that this life has been realized, and men have seen it, and it is still with us to-day. That the living God is among us, that in the Master his life was realized, and in the Master his personal but unseen Presence was made visible; that the Spirit which dwelt in the Master still dwells in the world, carrying on

with an ever-increasing scope and ever-increasing power the Master's work; and that we may share with the Master the life of his Father, and when the Master's work is perfected we shall be one with him as the Master is one with the Father, and we shall know him as the first-born among many brethren—this is the essential faith of the Master's disciples.

THE MUSICAL PHARMACY

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

"What passion cannot Music raise and quell?"

—Dryden.

"the sullen Cares

And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul." —Gray.

WHILE it is true that music is apt to give its devotees indigestion, and make them despised and rejected of men, and half bury them under a small avalanche of other woes, yet it has the remarkable power of allaying the ills itself has caused. It is like modern warfare, which tenderly gathers up the wounded from the battlefield, conveys them to hospitals modern in every respect, and there tries as hard to cure as it had tried to kill.

It is related that Claude Le Jeune, the favorite musician of King Henry the Third, once caused a spirited air to be sung at a wedding, "which so animated a gentleman who was present that he clapped his hand on his sword and swore that it was impossible for him to refrain from fighting with the first person he met; upon which Claude caused another air to be performed, of a soothing kind, which immediately restored him to his natural temperament."

It has long been known that music possesses simple powers like these; that it can not only "soothe the savage breast," but even make it savage in the first place; that it can dry up the iron tears on Pluto's cheek as well as draw them down its flinty surface. Readers of Dryden will recollect how easily old Timotheus, with lyre and flute, put Alexander the Great through his emotional paces; and every music-lover can doubtless recall no end of times when music has consoled or soothed or stimulated him in the hour of need.

"Music will some day," writes Crowest,

"become a powerful and accepted therapeutic. The ancients tried it and found it to answer. Saul benefited by it; Clinias the Pythagorean resorted to his harp at periods of uncontrollable emotion; the mind of Madame de la Marche, wrung to pieces through her husband's inconstancy, was restored by the soothing balm of harp-strings; have many not read of George Eliot's Caterina taking refuge in harpsichord music from her own passion? We knew a great executant who was summoned, as a last resource, to play at the bedside of a man on the brink of eternity. Oh, yes! Music is a blessed, God-given restorative in mental trial."

Since music, then, has such powers, I wonder why we do not deliberately try to harness it to the service of man as we have begun to harness flowing water, and suggestion, and radio-activity. The art can do almost anything it likes with the human soul; yet we seldom think of actually selecting and hearing the kind of piece that squares with our inner need; and we persistently keep on, in our hit-or-miss fashion, exposing ourselves to the effects of all kinds of music, without the least regard to the nature of the forces we are turning loose upon ourselves. Musically, at least, we are almost as primitive as those ancient ancestors of ours who went about indiscriminately sampling all the herbs of the field to see how each would affect them. Sometimes they happened to strike the very thing for the complaint. More often they slew themselves in the quest, unless, indeed, they possessed an instinct for herbs superior to our present one for music. Or, to bring the figure nearer home, we attend lengthy concerts, often without knowing be-

forehand what we are going to hear, and stay to the bitter end, taking everything just as it comes. And often this has somewhat the same effect on our spirits as it would have on our bodies to rush into the nearest pharmacy and drain the first dozen bottles we spied on the shelves.

Why, in this land of new religions, does not some sect arise and found its faith on the healing power of music? The reason, perhaps, is that music—unlike the pharmacopœia—is well understood to be all things to all men, and very different things to different men. It is as true in the concert hall as at the dinner-table that what is one man's meat may be another man's poison. And yet we all acknowledge this other man to be rather an exceptional creature; and it is our belief that, broadly speaking, a certain food may be counted on to have a uniform effect upon everybody at the table. So we continue serenely building up the broad principles of dietetics while expecting each individual to start therefrom and work out the details of his own table regimen according to his particular needs.

Now, though a piece of music differs from a piece of roast beef in that it has the power of conveying a different set of mental images to each one of its consumers, yet, despite this diversity of suggestion, it can be counted on to have very much the same uniform effect on their emotional constitutions as the beef has on their physical.

A cradle-song, for instance, if well played on the violin, might bring to the mind of one hearer the lapping of moonlit ripples in some quiet cove, to another the noon hour of luxurious indolence at the cracker factory, to a third the slow waving of fronds on some crystalline sea floor, to yet another the moment when the aeroplane motor is cut off and the great bird starts on its long, smooth, silent glide to earth. Perhaps to only one in the whole audience will that melody conjure up the vignette of a baby being rocked to sleep on its mother's breast. But note that to every one alike, with all their varying concrete interpretations, this particular music can scarcely fail to bring a feeling of tranquillity. And note, as well, that the music does not convey the feeling by mere suggestion, as the other arts would be driven to do; it is, in some mysterious way, *the feeling itself*.

Of course everybody needs to work out the details of his own musical medicine-chest, as much as he does those of his own scheme

of dietetics. Yet this does not mean that music of marked character may not be counted on to affect people with sufficient emotional uniformity to make a science of musical pharmacy possible.

Now, the more congenial two different people are, the more similarly will they be affected by the same work of art. Therefore, as the reader will scarcely have persisted in reading thus far without having some sort of mental affinity with the writer, I am going to name some of the medicines in my own musical pharmacy, in the hope of suggesting to another a few remedies that may prove so efficacious as to form the nucleus of a pharmacy of his own. It is but fair to say that no small care has been taken in guarding against individual eccentricities and the chance of a merely accidental association of certain music with certain emotions. No musical remedy has been admitted to the list unless its efficacy has been vouched for by a jury of friends, all better musicians than the writer. This list, therefore, has been brought nearer to universal validity than any purely first-personal pharmacopœia possibly could be.

An excellent sarsaparilla for that condition which the younger generation elegantly terms "dopiness," and their elders describe as "feeling like a stewed owl," is a rousing performance of "The Ride of the Valkyries" (the pianola will even do at a pinch), or of Schubert's "Erl King," or of that "Carnival Overture" by Dvořák which is like a plunge into an electric fountain of youth.

"To one who has been long in city pent
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven"

that spreads above him when he climbs with Debussy upon the shoulder of that pleasant grassy knoll which he calls his mountain, or even to feel for a moment the pure, warm, bright meadows that surround Grieg's "Sunshine" song; to follow the windings of the sparkling river in Smetana's tone-poem "The Moldau," or to lie on one's back under the thick leaves while Wagner's wand transforms such wood magic as that of Westermarck into pure tone in the "Waldweben."

Music is the comfort of the comfortless, the mighty consoler of them that mourn. What reader of De Morgan can forget how potently the memory of those few measures from the first movement of Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata comforted Joseph Vance when he had lost his beloved foster-father?

Less calm and powerful and godlike than this, but more intimate and tender, is Chopin's E major étude. One of my friends was once in a dangerous state of mind. Everything was pitch black around him. There was no ray of comfort, no gleam of hope, nothing left to live for. He was fast slipping into melancholia. His thoughts turned often to the question, To be or not to be? One morning, as he was dressing and pondering darkly on the relative attractions of life and death, his small daughter began to play this étude with halting fingers in the room beneath. And all at once he was conscious of a wave of consolation flowing through him. It came with all the actuality of a physical wave. "Ah, what's the use?" he cried. "This is really too beautiful!" And from that moment on life held him.

Music is especially rich in those large, ineffable, irresistible consolations, compared to which the verbal attempts of well-meaning friends sink into mere idle babble. For all its clinging sadness, the adagio from the "Sonata Pathétique" is one of these. The slow movement of Brahms's second 'cello sonata has healing in its wings; and that of Dvořák's concerto for the same instrument can even

"minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart."

I am sure that if Shakespeare had been a musical amateur of the twentieth century, he would never have talked about these things in the hopeless way he did. He would have realized that hard-headed alienists even recommend music as a hopeful treatment for insanity. We moderns sometimes forget how late in history musical art attained its teens.

It is not likely, however, that we of to-day have quite such a potent cure for timidity as the ancient Spartans had. It is written of Tyrtæus that, having caused his poetry "to be sung with flutes, well tuned together, he so stirred and inflamed the courage of the soldiers thereby that whereas they had before been overcome in divers conflicts, being then transported with the fury of the Muses, they became conquerors, and cut in pieces the whole army of the Messenians." Still, when we remember that the Greek flutes were rather like our fifes, and recollect what feats of valor certain shrill renditions of "Yankee

Doodle" have inspired in our own history; when we recall that even "Die Wacht am Rhein" and the "Marseillaise" have power to heat our blood, and the Sword motive and the "Two Grenadiers" to stir our souls to a noble rage, we perceive that the power of martial music is, after all, very much the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

Respecting the best remedy for hardening of the heart, it seems difficult to decide between the poignant, heartrending Adagio Lamentoso that ends Tschaiakowsky's "Pathetic Symphony," and some of the tender little piano pieces that Schumann wrote for and about children with all the loving humor, the delicate insight, that Stevenson showed long afterwards in laying out his "Child's Garden of Verses."

As for a mere case of selfishness, that is easily disposed of by one or two applications of the funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony."

When one happens to feel intellectually shabby or mawkishly sentimental or sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thoughtlessness, the best thing he can do, in my opinion, is to follow with all his might the closely wrought, brilliant, exhilarating reasoning of a Bach fugue or "invention," which will prove as good a brain bracer as an hour's hard labor over Aristotle or Spencer's "First Principles."

If one is feeling conceited, it is an excellent thing to take up the music of some half-forgotten second or third rater like Hummel or Dussek, like Philipp Emanuel Bach or Cherubini, and consider how much of skill and energy and patience, of subtlety and learning and self-repression, and how many flashes of true inspiration, have been made as naught by the achievements of the first-raters. After that it were well to choose some stupendous work like one of Beethoven's last quartets, and steep one's self in it until all the petty conceit has been steeped away.

In the wide realm of the arts I know of two supreme specifics for one of those ultra-ultramarine Mondays when one feels like the latter end of a misspent life. These are: Stevenson's Letters, and that finale from Brahms's first symphony which so closely favors its sire, Beethoven's "Hymn to Joy."

Anger needs a big, broad, flowing antidote, sympathetically genial, but not gay (for gayety would jar), with the least hint of the inhibitory powers of religion. It must have in it something at once calming and stirring. Such

a strain, to my mind, is the Pilgrim's Chorus from "Tannhäuser."

When we have been laying waste our powers by having the world "too much with us," when our nerves are all frazzled out by the strenuous, ugly confusion of modern, metropolitan existence, "when life becomes a spasm"—then we need such deep, serene beauty as the variations from the "Appassionata Sonata" of Beethoven, or one of those mellow German chorales like "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunde," that say with their first benign harmonies, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Or, if one is outworn with intellectual toil, that blessed Good Friday spell from "Parsifal" might be always there, if one only knew it, to perform the gentle ministry of its healing hands:

"Pressing the brain, which too much thought expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
And all lay quiet, happy and suppress'd."

In the musical pharmacy there should always be a particular shelf of cures for commonplaceness and sordid materialism, and of antidotes against those times when the thing that should be "one grand, sweet song" turns into as repellently arid prose as ever smudged the dread pages of Harvey's Grammar. The quintessence of musical romance should be kept there. On that shelf the horns of elf-land that blow ever so faintly in Weber's "Oberon" should always be found in excellent repair; and a soft corner is to be reserved for Schumann's tiny "Fürchten-machen," which should be watched over by that Fair Melusine whom Mendelssohn made like unto some fairy princess out of Grimm.

I should like to see the really musical misanthrope who could keep on hating his fellows under repeated applications of Schubert's "Unfinished," or of the Romance from Schumann's D minor symphony.

As for feeling "chilly and grown old" and all dried up within, it is not to be thought of a moment longer with the minuet from Beethoven's first piano sonata sounding in one's ears and charming away the furrows with its winsome humors, its exquisite, kitten-like playfulness.

Jealousy requires much the same sort of medicine as anger, only it must not be so solemn, and more careless and swinging and

magnanimous; with more of sunlight and laughter in it. I know nothing better than "the length and breadth and the sweep" of the prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

For boredom is indicated a bottle or two of such champagne as Liszt's "Les Préludes," or the opening spree of either of the Schumann Carnivals.

For mere facial longitude the end of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony would not be amiss. And as for worry, it seems a contemptible thing as the Brahms "Wiegenlied" or the Dream Music from "Hänsel und Gretel" floats out upon the charmed air and draws the tired eyelids contentedly down over the tired eyes.

The best thing for the relaxing and soothing of mouth muscles, which have been made to ache by keeping up a chronic, insincere smile at a reception, is Cesar Franck's gigantic piano Prelude in E major.

And as for all manner of petty fault-finding, as for the miserable odds and ends of human frailty and the half-brokendown partitions of prejudice that sometimes clutter up the soul and divide it into a series of miserable small antechambers to nothing at all, the Procession of the Gods to Walhalla from "Der Rheingold" will sweep these all away in a tremendous trice and make one fairly spacious within.

As an antidote to pure misery, what could be better than a generous dose of unadulterated musical happiness? If there is any much purer than the great Schubert quintet for strings, I should like to be informed of it.

There are not a few universities that give men long rolls of parchment and the degree of D. Mus. when they really ought to dub them Musical Pharmacists. So far as I am aware, there are as yet no true Doctors of Music. Those falsely so called are the men who are skilled in putting up existing formulas, at so much per formula, and occasionally patenting one themselves.

The real doctor of music, when he appears, will be quite different. In the first place, he will be such an accomplished auto-musician that he can always give himself silent treatment the instant any complaint shows its head. Thus he will enjoy chronic good health, and be his own best advertisement. Then, he will be an exceedingly human sort of psychologist who can diagnose your mind or heart or soul diseased, or your slightest tem-

peramental failings, and find out at once what is the trouble with the atmosphere in your home. For this trouble he will prescribe; and perhaps even open his instrument case and snatch out a fiddle and fill his prescription on the spot. Or, he may walk into the house and take one look at your fluttering hands and sunken eyes, then make for the piano-stool, draw a deep breath and begin rolling out of his big chest the calm verities of "Du bist die Ruh."

On second thought, let us call this servant

in the house something besides Doctor of Music. The title has such disagreeable associations with dissecting-rooms in conservatories, and laborious savants holding long-faced inquests over cadavers of counterpoint. It would be so much jollier to see in the window of every music store a small brass plate bearing some such legend as this:

JOHN BROWN SOUL TUNER

LADY IRON-HEELS

BY NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

I—THE SEVEN SUSPICIONS

ONE Saturday in May I was hurrying afoot from mountainous North Carolina into mountainous Tennessee. Because of my speed and air of alarm I was followed by the Seven Suspicions. I was either a Revenue detective in pursuit of moonshiners; or a moonshiner pursued by Revenue detectives; or a thief hurrying out of hot territory; or a deputy sheriff pursuing a thief; or a pretended non-combatant hurrying toward a Tennessee feud, actually an armed recruit; or I had just killed my family's hereditary enemy and was eluding his avengers; or I had bought some moonshine whisky and was trying to get out of a bad region before nightfall. These suspicions implied that the inhabitants admired me. Yet I hurried.

Why walk through that country at all? It is a long story. Briefly, I was on the road to Nowhere, hoping to find Truth on the way. I felt that just beyond the bend in the road something good was waiting. And, sure enough, I came upon one article of my creed the very next day, Sunday. But Saturday was a season of panic, preparation, and trial.

I was accustomed to the feudist and the assassin. Such people had always been good to me, and I had walked calmly through their haunts. But now the smothering landscape seemed to double every natural fear. The hills were so steep and so close together that only the indomitable corn and rye climbed to

the top to see the sun. The road was in the bed of a scolding rivulet. People in general traveled horseback. Cross-logs for those afoot bridged high above the streams every half-mile. There was an intangible something about the heavy chains of the cross-logs binding them to the trees that suggested some forgotten beginning of an iron people, some harsh primeval Rome. This impression was strengthened by the unpainted dwellings, hunched close to the path, with thick walls to resist siege.

What first fixed these outlaws here, as in a nest, with a ring of unoccupied open country around them? A traveler was more shut from the horizon than in the slums of Chicago. The road climbed no summits. It wormed like a snake. And there were snakes sunning themselves on every other cross-log. *And there was never a flower to be seen.*

An old woman, kindly enough, gave this beggar a noon meal for the asking. But the landscape had struck into me so I almost feared the bread was poisoned. For this fear I sternly blamed my perverse imagination.

Refreshed in body only, I crept like a fascinated fly dragged by occult force toward a spider's den. I felt as though I had reached the very heart of the trap when I stepped into the streets of the profane village of Flagpond, Tennessee.

It was early in the afternoon. The feudal warriors had come to the place on horseback, dressed in poverty-stricken Saturday finery,

tight and ill dyed, with black felt hats that should have slouched, but did not. The immaculate rims stood out in queer precision. The wearers sat in front of the three main stores, looking across the street at one another. Since there was no woman in sight, every one knew that the shooting might begin at any time. The silence was deadly as the silence of a plague. I checked my pace. I ambled in a leisurely way from store to store, inquiring the road to Cumberland Gap, the distance to Greenville, and the like. I was on the other side of the circle of dwellings and stores pretty soon, followed by the Seven Suspicions shot from about seventy-five lean countenances, which makes about five hundred and twenty-five suspicions.

One of the most indescribable and haunting things of that region was that all the women and children were dressed in a certain dead-bone gray.

About four o'clock I had made good my escape. I had begun to mount rolling, uninhabited hills. At twilight I entered a plain and felt a new kind of civilization around me. It would have been shabby in Indiana. Here it was glorious. They had whitewashed fences and white-painted cottages glimmering kindly through the dusk. Some farm machinery was rusting in the open. I climbed a last year's straw-stack and slept, with acres of stars pouring down peace.

II—THE TAILOR AND THE FLORIST

Now the story begins all over again with the episode of the Well-Known Tailor and the Unknown Florist. Just off the main street of Greenville, Tennessee, there is a log cabin with the century-old inscription, ANDREW JOHNSON, TAILOR. That sign is the fittest monument to the indomitable but dubious man who could not cut the mantle of the Railsplitter to fit him. I was told by the citizens of Greenville that there was a wonderful monument to their hero on the hill. So I climbed up. It was indeed wonderful—a weird, straddling archway supporting an obelisk. The archway supported also two flaming funeral urns with buzzard contours, and a stone eagle preparing to screech. There was a dog-eared scroll inscribed, "His faith in the People never wavered." Around all was a most appropriate spiked fence.

But I was glad I came, because near the Tailor's resting-place was a Florist's grave, on which depends the rest of this adventure,

and which reaches back into the beginning of it. It had a wooden headstone, marked "John Kenton of Flagpond: Florist. 1870-1900." And in testimony to his occupation a great rosebush almost hid the inscription. Any man who could undertake to sell flowers in Flagpond might have it said of him also, "His faith in the People never wavered."

And now in my tramping the spirit of John Kenton, or some other florist, seemed to lead me. My season of panic, preparation, and trial was over. It was indeed Sunday on this planet for a while. I passed bush after bush of the same sort as that first that marked Kenton's place of sleep. The sight of them was all that I had to give me strength till noon. I had had neither breakfast nor supper. Not but that people would have fed this poor tramp, but I love sometimes the ecstasy that comes with healthy fasting. And, now that I reflect upon it, it was indeed appropriate that the Religion of the Rose should begin with Abstinence.

I have burdened you further back with an elaborate description of the landscape of Flagpond. Now that landscape was repeated with the addition of roses; and what a difference they made! They quenched the Seven Suspicions. They made gray dresses seem rather tolerable. On either side loomed the steepest corn-fields yet, but they did not make me tremble now.

At noon I turned aside where a log cabin on stilts, leaning against its own chimney, stood astride a little gully. It was about as big as a dove-cote. Straggling rose-hedges led to the green-banked spring, at the foot of a ladder that took the place of steps. The old lady who came to the door was a dove in one respect only—she was dressed in gray.

She was drawn to the pattern of the tub-like peasants of that German funny paper "Simplicissimus." I told her my name was Nicholas. She took it for granted that I wanted my dinner, and asked me up the ladder without ado. She did an unusual thing. She began to talk family affairs.

"You must be kin to Lawyer Nicholas of Flagpond. . . . He defended my son ten years ago . . . in a trial for murder."

I said, "I am no kin to Lawyer Nicholas, but I hope he won his case."

"No; my son is in the State's Prison for life. . . . He surely killed Florist Kenton. But," she added, as if it nullified all guilt, "they were both drunk."

She was busy cooking at the open fireplace. She turned to the boy, about ten years old. "Call your ma and your aunt to dinner." He climbed the steep and shouted. Presently two figures came over the ridge. The larger woman took the boy's hand.

"That's my daughter-in-law, the boy's mother," said Mrs. Simplicissimus.

I judged the second figure to be a woman of about twenty-eight. She carried a fence-rail on her shoulder. She was straight as an Indian. The old woman said: "That's my daughter. She was going to marry John Kenton." The only influences that could have induced a mountain woman to unburden so much were the roses, just outside the door, leaping in the wind.

The procession soon reached us. The wood-carrier threw the log into the yard. "There's firewood," she sang. She vaulted over the fence, displaying iron-heeled brogans, thick red stockings, and a red-lined skirt. There was a smear of earth on cheek and chin. Her face was a sunburned, dust-mired rose-leaf. She swept off her hat. She bowed ironically. She said: "Howdy. What might be your name?"

I did not tell my name.

She fell on her knees. She drank from her hands from the spring. I could feel the cold water warring with the sunshine in her sinews. She would never have done with splashing eyes, and ears, and cheeks, and red arms and throat. The rosebushes behind her leaped in the wind. The boy and his mother and the grandmother knelt at that same place and splashed after that same manner. Then the grandmother nudged me.

"Wash," she said.

I washed.

We climbed into that dove-cote block-house on stilts. We ate like four plow-horses and a colt. We consumed corn bread and fat pork, then corn bread and beans, then corn bread and butter. I ate supper, breakfast, and dinner in three-quarters of an hour.

III—A BRIEF SIESTA

Working a farm of fields that stand on edge without men to help and without much machinery makes women into men or kills them. The grandmother and mother were no longer women. Even when they caressed the boy their faces were furrowed with invincible manliness. But Lady Iron-Heels, still a woman, was confused in the alterna-

tive of manhood or death. She was indeed a blossom, not yet torn to pieces by the wind, greatly shaken, and therefore blooming the faster.

There was a red ribbon streaming over the gray rag carpet. Lady Iron-Heels stooped, gave the ribbon a jerk, and a banjo came snarling from under the bed.

She sat on the warring colors of the crazy-quilt and played a dance tune, storming the floor with one heel. She grew pensive. She sang:

"We shall rest in the fair and happy land,
Just across on the ever-green shore,
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb (by
and by)
And dwell with Jesus evermore."

Her neck had a yellow handkerchief round it. A brown lock swept across her leaping throat. Her cheeks and chin were bold as her iron heels. Underneath the precious silken sunburn the blood was beating, beating, and trying to thicken into manhood to fight off Death.

After the music the ladies dipped snuff in the circle around the dim fire.

IV—"THAT'S ALL THE CHURCH I GET"

I made a great palaver to Iron-Heels about giving me the banjo ribbon. She consented easily. Coquetry was not her specialty.

"What might be your name?" she asked.

There was no dodging now. The old woman spoke up as though to save me pain: "His name is Nicholas. But he is no kin to Lawyer Nicholas of Flagpond."

After a long silence the girl said: "We came from Flagpond once upon a time." She had been looking out the door at the clear bowl of the spring and the reflection of the tall bushes leaping in the wind.

I thought to myself: "She herself was John Kenton's chief rose." I thought: "He had her in mind when he set these ameliorating bushes throughout the wild." Possibly the girl could not read or write. Yet she was royal.

Democracy has the ways of a jackdaw. Democracy hides jewels in the ash-heap. Democracy is infinitely whimsical. Every once in a while a changeling appears not like any of the people around, a changeling whose real ancestors are aristocratic souls forgotten for centuries. As the girl's eyes narrowed she became Queen Thi, that masterful and beautiful potentate of immemorial

Egypt whose face I have seen in a museum carved on a Canopic jar. She was Queen Thi only an instant, then she became a Tennessee girl again, with the eyes of a weary doe.

She said: "Them roses give me comfort. That's all the church I get."

I asked, "Why are there so many roses between here and Greenville, and none near Flagpond?"

It was her turn not to speak. The old woman, as though to save her pain, answered: "The flowers of these parts were all brought in by John Kenton. He lived in Flagpond, but could not sell them there."

And the mother of the little boy, the man-woman whose husband had killed Kenton, broke her long silence: "The only flowers we have to-day are these he brought. I think we would die without them. . . . How do we get through the winter?"

Lady Iron-Heels and her sister-in-law took a swig of whisky from the jug under the table and lifted up their hoes from the floor. The boy whimpered for a drink. They said, "Wait till you are a man." All three climbed the hill.

Lady Iron-Heels was the last to go over the ridge. She saw me gather buds from both those bushes by the spring. She made a gesture of salute with her hoe.

I never traveled that way again. I passed by quickly; therefore I had a glimpse of what she was intended to be. "He that loseth his life shall find it." I see her many a time when I am looking on scattered rose-leaves. She was Woman, God's chief rose for Man. She was scorned and trodden on, but radiant still. I am only saying that she wore the face of Beauty when Beauty rises above circumstance.

The buds that I gathered did not fall to pieces till I had passed by Daniel Boone's old trail, on through Cumberland Gap, on over big hill Kentucky into the blue grass. Before

they had faded I had written this, their poor memorial, the Cantic of the Rose.

It is an article of my creed that the petals of this flower of which we speak are a medicine, that they can almost heal a mortal wound. The rose is so young of face and line, she appears so casually and humbly, we forget she is an ancient physician.

Yet so much tradition is wrapped around her stalk, it is strange she is not a mummy. Her ashes can be found in the tombs of the Pharaohs, in everlasting companionship with the ashes of the lotus and the papyrus plant. Her dust travels on every desert wind.

No love song can do without her.

No soldier and no priest can scorn her. There were the Wars of the Roses. And there was a Rose in Sharon. Our wandering brother Dante found a great rose in paradise.

There are white roses, sweet ghosts under the pine. There are yellow roses, little suns in the shadow. But the normal bloom is red, flushed with foolish ardors, laughing, shaking off the gossamer years. She remembers Love, but not too well, if Love is pain. There is no yesterday that can daunt her or keep her dear heart-laughter down. In springtime her magic petals bring God to the weary and give Heaven's strength to the wavering of heart.

Crushed by the wheel of Fâte, her velvets often torn by the wind, her name is still "Romance." She can turn the slave to a woman, the woman to something a little more than mortal.

Oh, how bravely, with the same life-giving red, with the last of her virgin strength, she blooms and blooms on almost every highway! We find her on the road to Benares, on the road to Mecca, on the road to Rome, and on the road to Nowhere, in Tennessee.

Her red petals can almost heal a mortal wound.

THE SPECTATOR

“THEY'RE mostly out of commission, Cap. Some of them are turned into coal hulks, some of them are on the reefs of the South Sea Islands, and the few of them that are left don't dock here any more, but over at Erie Basin or at Bayonne. They've all gone away from South Street.”

The speaker was an alert-looking sailorman of fifty or thereabouts, wearing a black slouch hat and blue blouse and overalls, and was seated on the stone steps of one of the warehouses that front the East River in New York City. The Spectator had asked him, “What has become of all the full-rigged ships that used to tie up here?”

“Yes, sir,” the sailorman went on, “the square-riggers used to lay two or three deep along this street, and would poke their noses right into the windows of the warehouses. I was on one of the best of those old-time clipper-built ships myself on her last voyage—the Three Brothers, maybe you remember her? She went to Liverpool, was sold there, the masts taken out of her, and she was towed to Gibraltar to be used as a coal hulk. You see, the trouble was, it took such a lot of men to work those full-rigged ships. Forty men before the mast some of them carried; and to-day the biggest of these big schooners that they use now will carry only six or seven men, all told, as a crew. The schooners and the tramp steamers have mostly done for the square-riggers.”

The Spectator found, in his walk along South Street, that even the schooners had passed from the Manhattan side of the East River. From the Battery to Pike Slip the white sails had vanished, except perhaps for a fishing-boat or two at Fulton Market. The Spectator remembered when, only a decade or so before, the wharves along the East River were indeed a forest of masts. Those were the days when the “sticks” on the big ships were so tall that the topgallant mast had to be “dismounted,” or lowered, before they could pass under the Brooklyn Bridge, which was then the only connecting link between Manhattan and Long Islands. South Street at that time was very narrow, and the ship that lay nearest the land had to send her inquisitive bowsprit, as the sailorman said, nearly into the ship-chandlers' windows; and the handsome figureheads, the buxom Britannias and the slender mermaids, were in danger of having their outlines battered against the bulkheads of the piers, so close were they to the street. But now (the Spectator had not been in the neighborhood for years) for a mile or more South Street had been widened

to give more room for traffic, and only steamships lay at the wharves. The sailors who used to make harbor along the waterfront, the ones who delighted to lay aloft in a wind “that bent the gallant mast,” and who could tell you yarns about the Gold Coast and the China Seas, had given place to a younger set, less skilled in the art of seamanship and less racy of speech—for the tramp steamer and the coastwise schooner develop a different type of sailor, with a different lingo, from that of the full-rigged ship. The corner drinking-places were still there, as of old, but instead of having in their windows, to lure the wandering seafarer with suggestions of his nautical home, a model of a fine brig or bark or ship, there was—horrors!—a clumsy-looking Olympic or Celtic in miniature, with four commonplace smokestacks in place of the shrouded masts of old, with their cloud of billowy canvas.

Does the veteran New Yorker remember Coenties Slip when that odd little inlet of the East River jutted into the island a block or so and was filled with canal-boats and small sailing craft? Instead of that inlet the Spectator found now a small park, with its greenery and with its benches for weary wayfarers. It is true, the old-time flavor of the waterside was to a certain degree retained by the oyster-stands in front of the park, at which, after reading the seductive invitation, “There's nothing like a Good Feed of Oysters”—“Oysters and Clams, fresh from the Sea, 1 cent each,” you could, if you would, devour your bivalves direct from the shell, with crackers and ketchup thrown in gratis by the generous vender. But you would probably, like the Spectator, have no appetite for the edibles, for the changes on the street are depressing. For one thing, the old-time East River ferries have gone to seed. There is Fulton Ferry, once the most crowded place in the two cities at the “rush hours,” now almost absolutely deserted of both passenger and vehicle traffic. Only a few weeks ago, you find, they raised the ferriage, which used to be but one cent, to a nickel, in the vain hope of lessening the deficit. For who will pay for passage on a ferry when both man and beast may cross the great bridges free? And there! Look! A part of the once dignified ferry-house has been rented to a fish-monger!

The fish business, indeed, is the one prosperous survival of the old order. As you come within range of Fulton Market the old familiar fishy odor greets you. But the business is almost all wholesale now, while it used to be the retail stores that took in the money. You stop for a moment to talk with one of the

marketmen. "Yes," he says, "the place would be dead except for the wholesale trade. Time was when this was the busiest retail market in the country. Do you remember how, besides the fish-stalls, this market was crowded with small restaurants, and all of them jammed with customers? And there was one big restaurant, too, where people came from all over the country to get their fish suppers. The owners spent twenty-five thousand dollars in fitting up that restaurant, and it was sure a swell place. But they've gone uptown, long ago." The Spectator stopped at a small booth in the market, attracted by the sight of a purplish dried seaweed on its counter. "Yes, sir," said the marketman, "that's genuine Irish dulse. Best thing in the world for an appetizer. I've sold it here for twenty-five years—and my father before me. He made money in this place; but I don't know why I've stayed here. Just because I grew up in the market, I suppose. It's dead as a door-nail now." As the Spectator tasted the dulse, its salty, half-forgotten flavor made the Fulton Market of the past seem real again, with its crowds of eager buyers and sellers of things of the sea.

Some of the South Street landmarks, however, remain. The quaint old ridge-roofed houses of the waterfront, that look as if they belonged to the Middle Ages but are probably of the period of 1830 or thereabouts, have not been replaced by modern inventions. And many of the old ship-chandlers' stores are still there, some of them with the same old coils of anchor-chain in front of the doors, advertising the wares within. In the windows one can still see the nautical supplies that have been sold there seemingly for ages. In one place these include—refreshing sight in an age of cigarettes and "Havanas" that often belie their reputation!—"Genuine U. S. Navy Plug," good honest brown-black, solid-looking slabs, compact of comfort for the forecabin. And the old signs—who buys any of these things now, the Spectator wonders?—"Capstans, Windlasses, Belaying Pins, Mast Hoops, Chocks, Bitts, Sheaves, and Port Lights"—what, then, has become of the starboard lights? One can still see these, though the announcements of "Engineers' and Steamer Supplies" indicate the changed conditions from the palmy days of sailing craft.

And here, in the place of the old dry dock that has gone no one knows where, is a recreation pier. Truly the people are gradually coming into their inheritance when they can enjoy the river breezes on these spacious piers, and listen to good music, free, at the same time. At one end of the pier, too, the children who come here in swarms can get strawberry or vanilla

soda-water for a cent a glass, and those same scalloped gingerbread bolivars that were sold on the waterfront forty years ago, for the same modest sum. The Spectator sampled both of these delicacies, the ancient and the modern, and declares herewith, in the phrase of the vendor, that they are "cheap enough for everybody and good enough for anybody."

Just at the side of the recreation pier the Spectator looks for another old landmark, but finds that it has disappeared—the seamen's chapel that floated near the dry dock for so many years. A church in a vessel, that gently rose and fell with the tide, could not fail to appeal to poor Jack, all the more because its seats were bare benches and its surroundings as plain as those to which he was accustomed. Have these things ceased to appeal to the new order of sailors who man the steamers, or have the supporters of the chapel passed away or turned their benefactions into other channels?

And now we are under one of the great bridges—the Manhattan, the newest and largest of the four that span the East River—which have helped to change the character of the river front. The huge mass of steel that forms one of the towers is just in front of us, and to the landward side rises a mountain of granite, the anchorage of the cables that support the structure. Somehow that enormous mass of masonry, seen near at hand from beneath, brings to mind, in its magnitude, the Arc de Triomphe. It celebrates, however, not a great conflict between nations, but a finer triumph—that won by man over the obstacles interposed by nature to his peaceful communication with his kind. The impression of enduring solidity that this stupendous anchorage, with its huge round arches and immense buttresses, gives is heightened when one ascends to the foot-path of the bridge. The great cables, the broad roadways, the generous provision for railway trains, the commodious foot-paths—these last giving to pedestrians an unobstructed view of the river, the great factories of Brooklyn, the teeming life of the East Side streets—with the vast complication of steel-work that one finds in the structure above the anchorage, make one feel that here we have an architectural embodiment of Roman stability and American ingenuity. When one arrives at the tower and reads on a tablet that the bridge contains some 57,000 tons of steel—more even, unless the Spectator's memory is at fault, than the great Forth Bridge of Scotland—he realizes that he is inspecting one of the greatest works of modern engineering. The absolute simplicity of this bridge forbids us from calling it beautiful; but it leaves an impression of majesty such as we usually associate only with some stupendous work of nature.

THE NEW BOOKS

"A Prairie Courtship" is an exact but rather romantic title for a somewhat matter-of-fact novel by Mr. Harold Bindloss. But if the book is not notably imaginative, it is remarkably good as a picture of farming life in the Canadian Northwest. The narrative succeeds in thoroughly interesting the reader in the hard, strenuous fight of the man who (having long been a rambler, an irresponsible joker, and everybody's friend) is impelled by love to open up new land, build a house, fight money-sharks, and, in the expressive slang phrase, "make good." (The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.25.)

The Outlook has rarely printed a story with more human interest than that called "Through the Mill." This is the autobiography of a boy laborer. It is in the form of fiction, although the incidents are substantially true; and, regarded as fiction, it has both humor and pathos. This story has now appeared as a book in revised and enlarged form. The author is entirely right in saying, "While there have been innumerable objective reports concerning the life of the child laborer, the atmosphere of mill life can be reproduced only by one who has breathed it." The drawings, by Mr. Benda, bring out both the characters and the incidents of the story admirably. (The Pilgrim Press, Boston. \$1.35.)

Wit and cleverness are more to the fore than construction or finish in Mr. J. A. Mitchell's "Pandora's Box." The story is that of an international love affair in which a fine but decidedly cheeky young American shows a haughty Earl's daughter how silly is her ancestral pride and how unfounded her contempt for common people—and especially for American young men. And of course he is not what he seems, but is rich and mighty, and his mother practically owns the young aristocrat's ancestral castle. And of course there are wedding-bells. We confess that, smart as is the talk, the color is laid on a little too thick and the result not at all convincing. (The F. A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.25.)

It would be easy to describe Mr. Norman Duncan's "The Measure of a Man" so as to leave the impression that it is a compound of temperance teaching and pietism. Nothing could be further from the fact. It is an intensely human, dramatic story of a fight made to save bodies and souls of rough men by one who has gone through the mill himself, and who is so busy fighting and preaching that he has no time to study theology. Readers of The Outlook will remember the story of "The Ordination of John Fairmeadow," which forms part of this book. There is abundance of humor, and there are characters that live. The fault of

the book is rather in the direction of excess of action and passion than in that of moral didacticism. (The F. H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.25.)

The place of "A Tour and a Romance," by Alice E. Robbins, is defined by its title. A tired American business man is ordered to rest, and his daughter decides that a tour through Spain will bring the relaxation required. There is much information regarding Spain given in a style almost appallingly colloquial. The reader decides on one page that the author is English, imperfectly acquainted with American manners, speech, or ideals; turning the page, he is plunged into doubt, for he is confronted with some phrase that could be known to an English writer only through the merest chance. Mr. Van Putten says "vurry" and "different to" in the same sentence, and his daughter, named Sadie (save the mark!), betrays her nationality by her voice, but "usually pronounced 'very' as correctly as a Londoner." Upon her engagement to an Englishman (this is the Romance), "the typical young man invariably held up to ridicule in a Broadway farce," she felt as though stepping from America to England would be like moving from "a cheap, jerry-built house into a dignified old castle." Do the English write that sort of letters? We have yet to meet the American who speaks habitually of his country as the "States." Sadie and her father do, however. There are many similar surprises in the book, which, though full of presumably correct facts, supplemented by kodak pictures of Spain, will not be found very useful to intelligent travelers, either American or English. (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. \$1.50.)

We must accept the printed statement that the autobiography of "A Woman Alone" is not a novel, but tells the actual experiences of the narrator, yet it requires a distinct effort. That almost every modern theory of social life, to say nothing of physical and spiritual life, should be crowded into the early years of an individual experience is almost incredible. The book is well written, with a dignity that suffers occasional but still extraordinary lapses when, from reasons apparently insufficient, the ideals of the "woman alone" are abandoned for a season. The girl, left an orphan, managed to pass through school and college, already a lonely figure, but buoyed up by the hope of companionship with an unknown younger sister. This hope was dispelled, and left a deep scar. Her association with a philanthropic woman employer in New York lacks substance, in some way, though admirably described for the most part. Her encounters with men who either did or did

not want to marry her include a "trial marriage," one of the lapses, which must have been as repugnant to herself as it certainly is to the reader. Yet in the end this woman of varied experiences, strong in the confidence of her own integrity, is disposed of in a brief paragraph on the last page of the book, and we leave her the presumably happy wife of a prosperous widower and the mother of a son. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25.)

In a large volume embellished with many portraits Charles W. Collins has recorded some of the "Great Love Stories of the Theater." After reading this record one is appalled by the thought of the kind of material through which the author was forced to search in the accomplishment of his doubtful purpose. The articles cover the time in England from the early days of the Restoration to the beginning of the Victorian reign. In France they end with the Romantic movement and the reign of Louis Philippe. The skill of the author is unquestionable; his candor and his acceptance of the morals of the times depicted are only suitable to his subject. To indicate his sense of proportion and his critical faculty we quote from the preface, in which, speaking of the difference of mood in these old scandals, he writes: "In the case of Nell Gwyn, it is glittering venality; in that of Anne Bracegirdle, platonic discretion; in that of Adrienne Lecouvreur, tragic disillusion; in that of Mlle. Georges, hero worship." We might quote equally fitting phrases in the case of Mrs. Jordan, mother of the brood of ten Fitz-Clarences who in maturity depended upon their father, William IV; or, saddest of all, we might pause over the tragedy of the Javarts, ruined by Maurice de Saxe. But the chronicle is unsavory, and, while the mind could attend to an isolated instance, or even two, of these generally sordid romances, a whole volume of them palls. Far from having an immoral effect, the pitiful fate of these frail women of the stage and the brutal rapacity of many of their companions merely causes a profound and sad disgust. There is little mirth or gayety left in these long-past romances. (Duffield & Co., New York. \$3.50.)

To compress within less than two hundred and fifty pages a clear as well as succinct account of so large a subject as "Christian Thought to the Reformation" is a difficult task. It has been remarkably well performed by Dr. Herbert B. Workman, Principal of the Westminster Training College. More than to delineate the main movements, as he has done, will hardly be desired except by specialists, for whom the series of handbooks to which this volume belongs is not designed. The great leaders in successive periods, such as Origen, Augustine, Erigena, Anselm, Abelard, Thomas Aquinas, are adequately and appreciatively treated. Dr. Work-

man dissents from those who, with Harnack, deplore the Hellenizing of primitive Christianity, though its contact with Hellenism led at first to "a welter in the whirlpools of which many were lost." In the historical retrospect of Christian thought he sees an evolutionary process expressing the will of the guiding Spirit. To regard this process as reaching completeness and finality in any generation evinces "limitations of outlook and weakness of faith." It is the glory of Christianity to incorporate into itself "the ever-enlarging knowledge, the ever-expanding horizons, of life." In the series to which it belongs this volume leads up to Professor McGiffert's recently published book, "Protestant Thought Before Kant." (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 75c.)

"The Story of the Aeroplane" is not entirely accurate as a title for the interesting book written by one of the world's greatest bird-men, Mr. Claude Grahame-White. The space devoted to early experiments and achievements of the pioneers is very small, and the greater part of the book is taken up with the story of Mr. White's own achievements, together with some valuable records as to feats accomplished by others, and some still more valuable chapters on such subjects as the safety of flying, the military use of aeroplanes, their commercial possibility, and other problems affecting the future of flying. The book is, of course, illustrated by many photographs, and it is readable as well as informative. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$2.)

Narratives of mountain-climbing are almost always readable. The book by Mr. Samuel Turner, which is called "My Climbing Adventures in Four Continents," will not compare noticeably well with similar books by the late Edward Whymper, W. M. Conway, and Mrs. Le Blond; but still it has the interest of adventure and achievement. The author is not particularly modest in his jubilation over what he has done, and his style might very well be shorn of some of its exuberance. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.50.)

Sir George Douglas, from nationality, interest, and profound study, is especially well fitted to give us an anthology of the best Scottish verse, which he presents under the title "The Book of Scottish Poetry." The reader and lover of this poetry should have as a companion volume Sir George Douglas's lectures delivered in the University of Glasgow, spoken of recently in *The Outlook*. The present book should be for Scottish poetry what the "Oxford Book of English Verse" is for England, keeping in mind the great difference of material. Difficulties of dialect have been smoothed as far as possible, and for those who stumble over words, glossaries are provided. The best critical texts of

the older poets are the sources used, and the editor, regarding Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" as the best version, has drawn from that collection for the ballads. In a graceful preface the editor discloses

the same balanced judgment and clear, critical faculty that were so evident in his delightful University lectures. In print and page the volume is a pleasant one. (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. \$2.50.)

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

MORMONISM AND FREE SPEECH

The Rev. Frederick Vining Fisher, who wrote an article in defense of the Mormons, which was published in *The Outlook* for July 29, has been very bitterly assailed, and we understand that because of this expression of opinion favorable to the Mormons he has been given reason for believing that his position as a minister over a Methodist church is insecure. In view of that fact, it is interesting to note that his own church gives him hearty support, not because it agrees with his views, but because it believes that he has the right of free speech. The following resolutions thus express the support of the church:

The official Board of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Ogden, Utah, desires to place on record our hearty approval and appreciation of the work being accomplished in this city by our pastor, the Rev. Frederick Vining Fisher.

We point with pride to his successful handling of the Utah Chautauqua recently held in this city, in which he enlisted the enthusiastic support and co-operation of all the churches represented here, and also to the prominent part he has played in inaugurating the Boys' Movement in this city and State, and his active participation in the recent campaign for prohibition.

We regret that there has appeared in our Church papers and in the recent official action of the Colorado Conference an apparent disposition to take from the Rev. Mr. Fisher his right to express his honest opinion regarding local conditions in Utah, and we deem their action unbrotherly and uncalled for.

We emphatically state that the Rev. Mr. Fisher has the confidence and support of the membership of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Ogden, and that a very large majority of the business men of this city heartily indorse him in the course which he has taken.

We desire that these resolutions be sent to the Church papers and local dailies.

(Passed unanimously by the Board.)

Signed for the Board:—

O. A. KENNEDY.	GEO. CRAIG.
S. J. GRIFFIN.	H. L. GRIFFIN.
HOMER A. SEIP.	

The organizer of the campaign carried on in England in opposition to the Mormon mission-

ary activity in that country sends us the following letter:

Apropos of "A Methodist Minister's View of Mormonism," in a recent issue of *The Outlook*, I wish to say a word concerning his reference to the recent anti-Mormon disturbances in England. He writes: "The statements circulated in England causing the riots and agitation there at this time are refuted by facts here and seem absurd to one in Utah. President Smith has cabled the British Government: 'Charges absolutely and totally false. Polygamy is forbidden by the Mormon Church as well as by Utah laws.'"

He does not say what those statements were, nor designate how they were refuted except by Joseph Smith's unsupported word, but leaves the impression that some one was circulating malicious falsehoods in England concerning the Mormon situation in Utah.

The purpose of our visit to Great Britain and Scandinavia was not to throw aspersion upon the theological teachings of the Mormons, however absurd they may be, but for an entirely different object.

It is a fact (and *The Outlook* admits it in its editorial on the minister's article) that the Mormon Church holds its prominence in America through its political influence. [The Outlook has not made any such statement.—THE EDITORS.] If the Mormons were not in political control of the State, there would be prosecutions for the many new violations of the anti-polygamy law of Utah. Again, the leaders of the Mormon Church take from the less fortunate Mormons large sums of money as tithing, and they get it because they gather such funds "in the name of the Lord." Again, it is a fact that very few converts to the Mormon Church in the United States emigrate to Utah, but, on the other hand, many hundreds annually enter Mormondom from across the water. There are in Utah to-day 30,000 Danish Mormon immigrants and many more British. These foreign-born adherents of the Church furnish the voting power for Mr. Smith, and from them he draws his vast income.

If this annual supply of foreign converts should be cut off, the Mormon Church in a few years would be pressed for votes because of the immigration of non-Mormons to Utah and the apostasy of Utah-born Mormons. Therefore

our aim in going to Great Britain and Scandinavia was to lay these facts before those Governments and ask them to follow the lead set by Prussia and expel the visiting Mormon elders.

To get government action it was necessary to arouse public opinion, and consequently large mass-meetings were arranged, and excitement at times ran so high that in a few instances mob violence was used in escorting the elders out of town.

In this campaign we brought two charges only against the Mormon system, viz.:

That the leaders of the Mormon Church are living in polygamy in violation of the law, and that new polygamous marriages are being entered into in Utah, contrary to the law, and the offenders are not punished. Second, that these leaders of the Church annually gather to themselves about two millions of dollars as tithing and make no accounting to the contributors. Therefore, those going to Mormondom are entering moral conditions that would not be tolerated in England or Denmark.

If Joseph F. Smith did telegraph the British Government, as his defender in *The Outlook* suggests, it was of little consequence, because we had already placed before the British Home Secretary the sworn testimony of Mr. Smith in which he swore that he himself was living with five wives, that he knew it was contrary to the law of his State and also the law of God, but, for political reasons, he could with impunity violate the laws of his State, and that he obeyed or disobeyed the laws of God according to his pleasure.

Mr. Smith sent a manifesto and a benediction to the London "Times" declaring there was no polygamy in Mormondom, and that all such charges were false. The "Times" printed the message, following it with an editorial containing these words: "If the person who confessed to having five wives before the committee of the Senate, and who confessed to unlawful cohabitation when brought before the court, be the author of the manifesto disclaiming for his Church all willingness to countenance loose living, it seems desirable that the readers of this plausible appeal for fair play should know the history of the man who makes it. The character of a witness is very material when he invites us to consider his unsupported statements."

Mr. Smith sent a message of like import to the London "Daily Express," and in commenting on the same the following words were used: "It is needless to say that such a man can have no influence with English people. If Mr. Smith should come here with his wives and numerous children and try to foist himself on the British public, we are sure he would be kicked out in a hurry."

If the Methodist minister thinks that President Smith refuted the statements made in England or that he made any impression for good

by his messages, he is mistaken. He is also in error in saying that the statements made in England during the recent campaign were refuted by facts in Utah. Furthermore, if the rest of his statements in his article in *The Outlook* were written with as little knowledge of facts as he had concerning the English situation, it is no wonder that a large part of it may be set aside as fiction.

HANS P. FREECE.

[In its editorial pages *The Outlook* deals further with this question of Mormonism.—THE EDITORS.]

"CA' CANNY AND SPEEDING UP"

The article on "Ca' Canny and Speeding Up" is one of the best and most logical expositions of present-day labor inefficiency that has come to my notice.

It may not please the average manufacturer to be told that he is primarily the cause of the limited output of an employee, but it is nevertheless a fact which has been generally recognized among those whose field of endeavor has been the analysis of manufacturing costs and whose activities have been in the direction of reducing those costs per unit.

A few years ago it was very difficult to interest the manufacturer in the minor economies. The volume of sales and the price per unit were all-important, and an additional penny in the selling price was the simplest way of making a profit. Gradually the engineer came into the field, insisting that a penny saved was equivalent to five cents in added sales; and much has been accomplished in the improved operation of machinery to increase the output and decrease the unit cost.

The attitude toward labor, however, remains very much as before, all efforts being directed toward employing cheaper labor or reducing the rate per unit. A maximum wage has been set, beyond which the manufacturer refuses to go, except in special cases; with the result that labor has set a maximum output, which, in its opinion, will correspond to the wage paid.

It is perhaps fortunate that competition, radical laws, and public opinion are forcing manufacturers to consider the labor problem with the same degree of common sense that has been given to the matter of sales, and to interest themselves in the labor cost per unit rather than the size of the pay-roll. The labor unions are, unfortunately, not lending their sympathy to this movement, which permits a man to increase his earning capacity according to his ability if he is willing to be taught how to do his work with less effort. In many cases a man has been able to increase his productive capacity with much less physical effort, but it has been up-hill work to change his attitude of mind. This may very likely be due to the fact that there has been a feeling of combativeness

between the employee and the employer which must first be turned into a feeling of mutual helpfulness.

WARREN B. LEWIS,
Consulting Engineer.

Providence, Rhode Island.

MYTH AND HISTORY

I have just read Senator Lodge's article in The Outlook on the myth of the famous Manhattan Well murder trial of New York City in 1800. I was much amused as well as interested in reading the article, for, as librarian of the New York Law Institute, I am familiar with the details of all the old famous trials of the great metropolis.

Over thirty years since I secured the originals of the Weeks murder trial of 1800, and have since been collecting all the Hamilton-Burr pamphlets, books, novels, etc., that have been obtainable. From the originals thirty years ago I noticed at once the errors into which Hamilton, Lodge, Morse, Parton, Stone, and other writers about Hamilton and Burr had fallen as to the incidents of the Weeks trial. The facts of the case are as stated by Senator Lodge in his article.

Hamilton had little to do with the case except to lend the power and influence of his great name. Burr did the cross-examining, and made the opening address to the jury. The speech, as detailed in the original reports, is a fine specimen of his peculiar style. The witness Dustan was ordered by Burr, the first evening of the trial, to hold a candle-light to the face of Croucher, in order to identify him as the visitor to Dustan's store who had gossiped as to the murder. This incident, as stated by Senator Lodge, is the sole and entire foundation of the great historical myth or tradition as to the wonderful professional triumph by Hamilton and Burr in this famous case.

Many times in the last twenty years I have shown the originals to and discussed the facts with dozens of prominent lawyers, and they all agreed in the conclusions reached by Senator Lodge. Mr. Charles O'Connor and Mr. Evarts agreed that it was improbable, and almost impossible, that Hamilton and Burr could have acted in the way detailed. I recently called Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton's attention to the matter, and I believe he has corrected the misstatement in his recent book.

The Croucher of this trial, whom both Hamilton and Burr no doubt believed was the real murderer, was a few months later indicted, tried, and convicted for rape. The report of his trial is in print, and his counsel, Brockholst Livingston, was one of the counsel with Hamilton and Burr in the Weeks trial. The manuscript of the testimony of the Manhattan Well murder trial—long in the possession of Mr. Aaron J. Vanderpoel, and believed by him to be in the handwriting of Alexander Hamilton—was only

the original report of Coleman for his edition of the trial.

Hamilton's law office in 1800 was in Garden Street, Burr's in a building on the northwest corner of Broadway and Vesey Street, now occupied by the Astor House. Burr shortly after this trial became Vice-President of the United States.

The Manhattan Well is sometimes referred to as having been located in Reade Street. This is a confusion with the well of the Manhattan Bank, which was about opposite to the law office occupied by Burr, 1830-1834, in Reade Street. The well was midway on a road above Canal Street that led from Broadway to Greenwich Street, and was much used in winter by sleighing parties, one of which made the discovery of the murder on a December morning in 1799.

Hamilton as a boy went to the Livingston Colonial mansion, still standing in Elizabeth, New Jersey, with a complimentary letter of introduction from a friend of Governor Livingston. He became intimately acquainted with young Livingston, Aaron Burr, and young Lewis, who married a Livingston, and who defeated Burr for the Governorship of New York in 1804. Without doubt Hamilton would have gone with young Livingston and Burr to Princeton had not the faculty of King's (Columbia) College offered him the privilege and allurements of a shorter collegiate course. Suppose this had happened, would it not be an interesting problem to discuss and decide as to whether the Princeton Burr could have been tempted to kill the *Princeton fellow-student* Hamilton? Brockholst Livingston had a large practice, and in all his great cases at the bar he invariably retained to assist him either Hamilton or Burr. He became subsequently a Justice of the United States Supreme Court at Washington, D. C. A privately printed book of his law cases, with contents and index, which has in each case a printed law brief of Alexander Hamilton or of Aaron Burr, is one of the rarest and most interesting law books in existence. Only one copy is known to have survived. Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Evarts both assured me that they had never seen or heard of the book until I placed a copy in their hands.

WILLIAM H. WINTERS,
Librarian of the New York Law Institute,
New York City.

CHRIST AND THE OLD TESTAMENT

[This letter was written in partial reply to an editorial in The Outlook of May 18, entitled "The New Bible," and gives the older view and one of the grounds on which that older view is based.—THE EDITORS.]

The Jewish Scriptures testified of Christ, and Christ accepted their testimony concerning him as true. His attitude toward them was not one

of passive acceptance, such as any Jew would manifest who received them on tradition, but of active indorsement. While he was ever in conflict with the traditional interpretations of them, his view of the Scriptures themselves remained ever the same. It did not differ after he had entered upon his glorified state from what it was in the days of his humiliation. When he was about to fall into the hands of his enemies, he said, "All things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of man shall be accomplished" (Luke xviii. 31). And when he had passed beyond their power, and was living on the resurrection side of the grave that fronts eternity, he said to his disciples: "These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me." "And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself." And the same day "opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures, and said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day" (Luke xxiv. 44, 27, 45, 46). Before his death he believed that "Moses . . . wrote of me" (John v. 46). After his resurrection he believed that "Moses wrote of" him. His testimony concerning the Scriptures was ever the same, whether he was falling a victim into the hands of his foes, or was risen triumphant from the grave with all power in heaven and on earth.

"He opened the scriptures" (Luke xxiv. 32) because he knew how they should be opened. He opened them in such a way that we could see his portrait, discern the outline of his figure, and behold him as the Crucified and the Glorified, as the One who was to go down into the drowning waters of death for our sins, and rise again into the heights of glory for our justification, who was to come to the cross in the drab garments of sorrow, and to ascend to the throne of earth's dominion in more than regal splendor, who was to be rejected at his first coming, and was to be crowned at his second coming. The sufferings of Christ and the glories that should follow he found on the pages of the old Scriptures, and he made them known to us. He alone has made it possible to understand the Scriptures. He is the great Teacher, the one absolute authority on the Old Testament, whose word is final, whose doctrine is infallible, beyond which we can never go, and without which we ever grope in darkness.

Revering the Old Testament as he revered it, we may not speak of it as containing legends and traditions, meaning thereby matter that is not entirely true or reliable.

It is reassuring, when in these days we are told that the historical character of the early parts of the Old Testament has been under-

mined, to remember that he who was the most intellectual of men and God manifest in the flesh gave the assent of his intellect and the weight of his authority to those early portions. When the Pharisees questioned him on a matter concerning marriage, he referred them to the account of man's creation and the institution of marriage in the first and second chapters of Genesis, and rebuked them sternly for their ignorance of it (Matthew xix. 3-6). He set the weighty seal of his confirmation upon the Mosaic record of the creation of Adam and Eve, and, of course, of everything that goes with it, as, for instance, the Fall. He definitely, specifically, and unreservedly spoke of the Flood in the days of Noah, and used it as a similitude of the judgment that, at his second coming, will fall upon a world in the same moral condition (Luke xvii. 26-30). Again and again he so spoke of the experiences of the children of Israel in the wilderness and the giving of the Law to them through Moses that he left no doubt as to what he thought of the place they hold in the history of redemption. No one who considers himself a Christian can, in the face of this fact, say that the Law was *not* given through Moses, but was gradually developed by the people themselves during many centuries.

And if in regard to any of these matters the Master had been in doubt, if he had been ignorant of them because of his limitations, he would have been more cautious in speaking of them, or would have been altogether silent. And he was silent as to the time of his return to the earth, because that time was not known to him (Mark xiii. 32), but there was no reserve in his speech when he spoke of the ancient Scriptures. He told us what he did not know, and he told us what he did know. He was careful to speak nothing but the truth, because he was himself the Eternal Truth. And great is the Church's need to-day of the exhortation of the Father, "Hear ye him" (Matthew xvii. 5).

CHARLES HILLMAN FOUNTAIN,
Pastor First Baptist Church.

Southington, Connecticut.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD

In The Outlook of August 19 last "O. E. L." calls in question your article of June 17: "You speak of the tenets of Judaism, the Fatherhood of God, etc. I have always felt that the Fatherhood of God was revealed to us first by Jesus, and that in this very essential consists the difference between Christianity and Judaism." You say in reply: "In the following texts will be found evidence of the statement that the Fatherhood of God was a faith of ancient Israel," and you cite Psalm ciii. 13, Proverbs iii. 12, Isaiah lxiv. 8, Jeremiah xxxi. 9; to which might be added Hosea xi. 1, Isaiah lxiii. 16, Deuteronomy xiv. 1, xxxii. 6, and Exodus ix. 22, "Israel is my son, even my first-born," which is

the first time a fatherhood idea, with respect to God, appears in the Old Testament.

A reading of "The Master Builder" article of June 17—"The two great tenets of Judaism, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man," etc.—suggested to this present writer that there yet remained something for the author to consider as to the *content* of the Old Testament idea of God's Fatherhood. Says Professor George B. Stevens, of the Yale Divinity School, in his "The Theology of the New Testament:" "In the Old Testament God's fatherhood designates a special relation, which he sustains to the Jewish people." It "denotes his gracious interest in the nation and the providential care which he exercises over it in making it the vehicle of his revelation and in preparing it to be his agent for ushering in the Messiah" (p. 67). Says Professor Charles Hodge, in his Commentary on Romans ix. 4: "That of the former [*i. e.*, the sonship of the Israelites] was in itself, and as common to all the Jews, only the peculiar relation which they sustained to God as partakers of the blessings of the theocracy" (p. 470). Oehler, in his "Old Testament Theology," says that the Fatherhood of God in the Old Testament "denotes the relation of love and moral communion in which Jehovah has placed himself to Israel. This relation is quite unique: Jehovah is only the Father of the chosen people, not the Father of the other nations" (p. 178). "It is only the body of the covenant people that have the name 'sons of God,' and the Israelite has a share in the God-sonship only in virtue of being incorporated into this body. The individual personal sonship of God did not appear until later in the theocratic kingdom" (p. 179). And says that erudite scholar Professor Theodore W. Hopkins, formerly incumbent of the chair of Church History in the Auburn Theological Seminary: "The doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, in the proper sense of the word, is not taught in the Old Testament. The only thing that scholarship can successfully maintain is the inculcation there of a doctrine of national and representative fatherhood on the part of Deity. The individual Fatherhood of God was unknown to ancient Israel."

If the foregoing be allowed, then it must be conceded that there is a marked advance in the New Testament idea of the Fatherhood of God over and beyond that of the Old. When Jesus,

in the Lord's Prayer, says "Our Father," that is the first revelation of, and appeal to, God in personal paternal relation to the individual. Harris, in his prize-essay book, "The Great Teacher," adduces this fact as one of the original and unique distinctions of Jesus' teaching. Accordingly, Dr. Robert F. Horton, in his "The Teachings of Jesus," says: "Penetrate behind the word to the idea, and it soon appears that there is only a verbal connection between the application of the term Father to God in the ethnic and Jewish religions and the use which Jesus makes of it" (p. 60). "But when he says *Father* we must observe that there is an originality and uniqueness in his use of the term" (p. 59). And John M. M'Candlish, in "Thoughts on Familiar Problems," says: "The earliest mention of the subject in the New Testament makes it plain that those who may claim God as their Father, in the sense intended by Christ, are not all mankind, but only a portion having a specific character attributed to them" (p. 110).

If these things be so, then it must be confessed that the common, present-day, popular pronouncements of the Universal Fatherhood of God and its correlate the Universal Brotherhood of Man are not warranted by Scripture nor by fact. It would seem, therefore, that "O. E. L." is not wrong.

I would suggest this statement—*the common fatherhood of God and the gracious Fatherhood of God*—as containing the facts in the case and affording a clue for the solution of the problem.

WILLIAM H. BATES.

[The phrase, "Our Father which art in heaven," was very well known among the Jews, and very usual with them. See Lightfoot's "Horæ Hebraicæ," Montefiore's "The Synoptic Gospels," and Hastings's "Dictionary of the Bible." What the later Jews meant by this phrase is clearly indicated by Psalm ciii, especially verses 2 to 14. It is, however, probably true, as said by Wendt in his "Teaching of Jesus," that in the Old Testament God is regarded as the Father especially of the people of Israel, while by Jesus he is regarded as the Father of all mankind. The difference in this respect between Christianity and the later Judaism is not that one regards God as King and the other as Father, but that one regards the Jewish people, and the other the whole human race, as the children of God.—THE EDITORS.]

BY THE WAY

At the recent convention in New York City of the American Manufacturers' Export Association, a speaker who had just made a 38,000-mile trip said: "In all the countries I visited the greatest trade growth is to come from those bordering on the Pacific Ocean. We are in the best position to go after this business, and it is there for the asking."

During the past twenty years more than eight thousand British vessels—an average of nearly eight for every week—have been lost at sea. With these vessels nearly twenty-three thousand persons perished, of whom about eighty per cent were members of the crews and twenty per cent passengers.

The stage, says the "Dramatic Mirror," is more and more becoming recognized as an honorable and artistic profession. "The introduction among the men and women of the theater, whose work is as legitimate as that of any other field of endeavor, of persons who have been thrown into public view through crime or for merely sensational reasons is a disgrace to the institution to which the public looks for rational amusement." These remarks are apropos of the plan, happily abandoned, to put on the stage a woman brought into notoriety through a Southern murder trial.

High heels and hobble skirts, the Pennsylvania Railroad finds, are responsible for a large proportion of recent accidents to women while getting on and off trains and in mounting and descending stairways in stations.

Mme. Curie, the famous woman scientist, began her career as a student in Paris in the humble capacity of an assistant in a chemical laboratory. She soon proved herself worthy of better things, and became one of the most brilliant and original of the laboratory's workers. Eventually she married a fellow-student, and together, through years of poverty and discouragement, they worked out the epoch-making discovery of radium.

New York City's hotels are said to represent an investment of \$275,000,000. In the "first-class" hotels alone of the city there are 50,000 rooms for guests. One of these hotels has a refrigerating plant that cost \$50,000, and a kitchen the outfitting of which involved an expenditure of \$200,000.

Nikola Tesla, the inventor, who lately announced the discovery of a new method for obtaining and transmitting mechanical power, from which he expects great results, was born in 1857, in Austria-Hungary. Since 1884 he has been a resident of the United States. His activities have been mainly in the field of electrical development, in which he occupies an eminent place among the world's inventors.

A device for doing away with the unsanitary "roller towel" in large industrial and other establishments has been invented. Small individual towels—the objection to which has been the danger of their loss or removal—are attached by a loop to a curved rod. As each towel is used it is slipped over the rod and falls into a receptacle, leaving a clean towel ready for use and the soiled towels ready for relaundering on being removed from the rod.

An English clergyman protests against the flying-machine as marring the beauty of the skies. The aviator, in his opinion, is "the greatest of the vandals," for, with a fleet of aeroplanes in the air, "the beauty of the firmament will die." He also calls for an international agreement to prevent the use of the flying-machine in war.

New York City's pavements are literally a stumbling-block, alike to the citizens and the city fathers. The tremendous activity in building operations is the reason assigned by the engineers of the Bureau of Highways for the wretched condition of many of the streets, for the pavements are no sooner laid than they are broken up by some new sub-surface construction. Many experiments in paving have been tried. Broadway, for instance, the

longest street on Manhattan Island, has four varieties of pavement—wood, granite, asphalt, and asphalt blocks; but the ideal pavement still awaits realization.

An innovator who made history more effectively than many a monarch died last week in Maine. His name was Benjamin F. Hamilton, and he is said to have been the first merchant in this country to employ young women as clerks in a store. In 1855 he created a sensation by this innovation. At first unpopular, the new departure eventually spread over the entire country, and became a large factor in the success of the great department stores.

The Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, for forty-one years pastor of Calvary Baptist Church in New York City, has resigned to become President of the World Alliance of the Baptist Church. During his pastorate five thousand persons were received into the church, a church building costing \$525,000 was erected, and \$2,000,000 was collected for charity and missions.

The International Society of Archæologists has a department for exposing fraudulent relics. In this country there are several manufacturers of bogus Indian relics, which are shipped to Europe as "genuine pre-Columbian stone implements," and are so perfect as to deceive even experts. One concern makes a business of buying up poor but genuine specimens and converting them into fine ones—changing a five-cent arrowhead, for instance, by making barbs and resharpening it, into a fifty-cent article that might be shown with pride by a collector.

The First Reformed Church of Brooklyn, New York, celebrated last week the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding. The congregation first met in a barn, near the site of the present City Hall, in 1661, when Brooklyn was a small village whose total population was less than the present membership of the church.

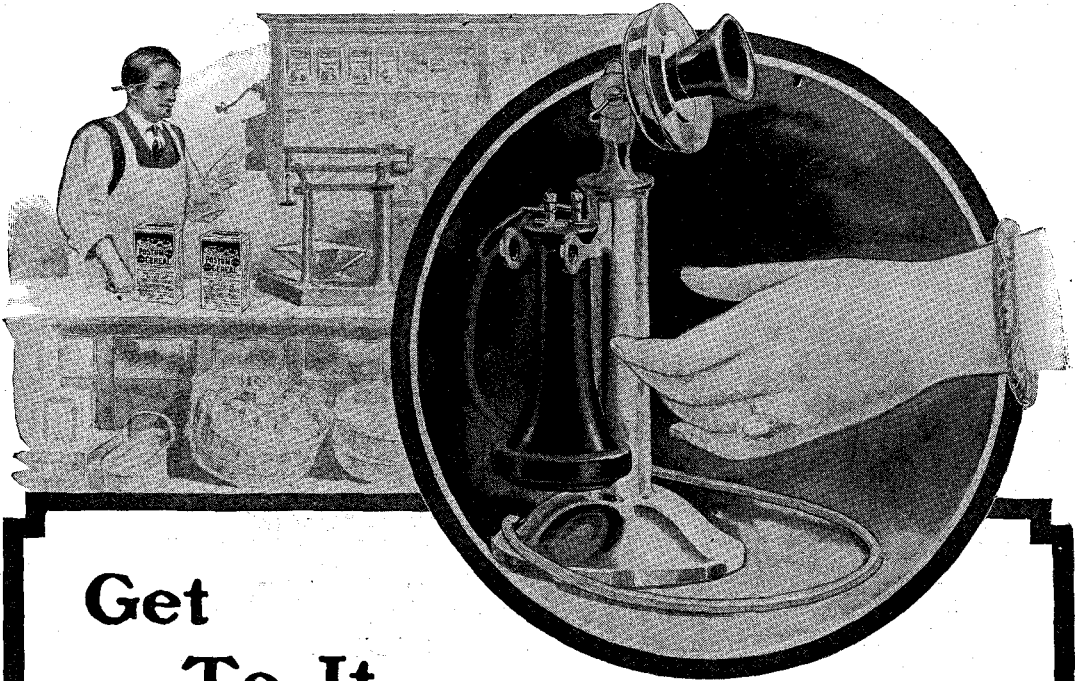
What is thought to be the oldest apple tree on the Pacific Coast stands in Vancouver, British Columbia, and has lately been marked and protected. It is said to have been grown from seed brought from London in 1825 by officers of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Columbia University is to have a political laboratory. This will provide students of politics with all kinds of documentary information as to political affairs. Sample ballots, legislative manuals, labor bulletins, etc., will be among the material open to the investigator, as well as files of important newspapers and magazines having articles bearing on political subjects.

The London office of an American typewriter company, says "Office Appliances," has as a window display a large, slowly revolving terrestrial globe. Completely encircling this globe, no less than five hundred and twenty-five flags indicate places at which the typewriter may be bought at salesrooms of the company. Thus it appears that the martial airs of England, which are supposed to circle the earth, have now a strong competitor in the click of the American typewriter key.

The French chef, who regards a dinner as a work of art, to be considered in an appreciative, not to say reverent, spirit, finds his attitude justified in these words from "Table Talk" on the need of harmony in the combining and serving of foods: "In the successful menu foods are grouped together with a view to their natural affiliation. If the meat is of a heavy nature, the soup must be light. Lamb almost asks aloud for green peas, chicken for rice, pork for beans, and so on. One food accentuates or perhaps modifies the flavor of another, thus forming its complement."

Postmaster-General Hitchcock last week personally carried a bag of mail by aeroplane from Nassau Boulevard to Mineola, Long Island, a distance of five miles. Mr. Hitchcock traveled as a passenger in a Curtiss biplane. He thinks the use of the aeroplane in certain branches of the mail service is only a question of time.



Get To It

Ask your grocer for

POSTUM

There is really no need for much of the headache and nervousness one hears about; a large part of it is the result of faulty living.

Improper table beverages, such as coffee and tea, which contain nerve-racking irritants, contribute much to bodily pain and discomfort.

The cause may be the thing you least suspect.

The quick and easy way to relief is to make a change.

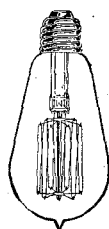
If annoyed by ills that mar health and happiness, stop using coffee and tea ten days and try Postum.

Thousands have done it and know

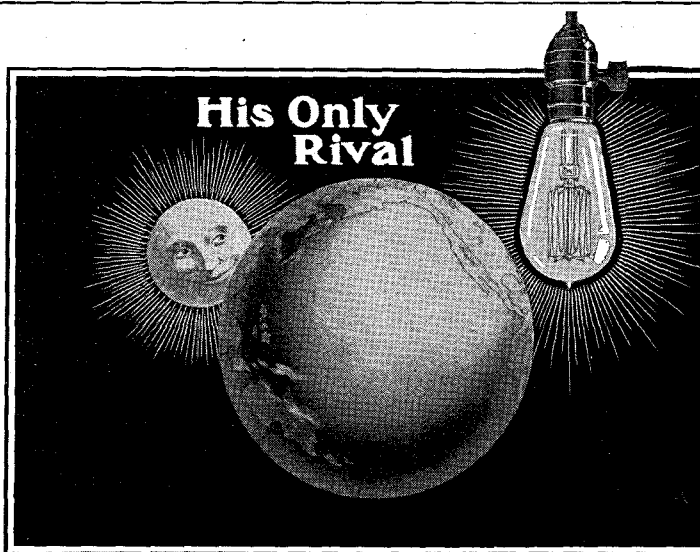
“There’s a Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



Latest Edison
Mazda Lamp with
Non-fragile
Filament



Edison's Dream

Thirty-two years ago the Wizard of Menlo Park dreamed his great dream which has now come true—Electric Light for Everybody

When Edison invented the electric incandescent lamp thousands journeyed to Menlo Park to see "the light that burned without air."

Edison put a little paper horseshoe filament, that he had carbonized, into a glass bulb and pumped out the air. Next he passed a current of electricity through this horseshoe.

The Dream

As it glowed white hot, lighting up the darkened room, another light glowed in his face, for he saw the revolution that tiny bulb would bring about in the world's sunless hours.

But the first lamps of 16 candlepower used up 100 watts of electricity.

Slowly, as improvements came, the amount of light was increased. Six years ago people thought the limit was reached, for the close of the first quarter-century of Electric lighting was celebrated by the advent of the Edison Gem lamp. Using the same amount of electricity, it gave more than twice the light of that first wonderful lamp.

The Revolution

Suddenly another invention in electric lamps revealed the dawn of a new era in electric lighting—unseen in the dreams of any one—except Edison.

This was the Tungsten filament lamp, which—instead of the original 16 candlepower—or the fancied limit of 40 candle-



Look for this General Electric Monogram, the Guarantee of Excellence on Everything Electrical.

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Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham, Ala.
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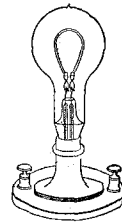
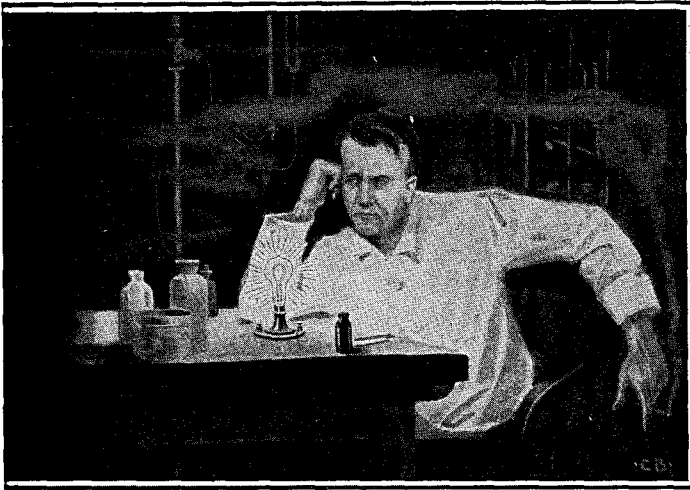
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Columbus, Ohio.
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General Elec

Main Lamp Sales Office: Harrison, N. J.

Sales Offices in



Edison's Original
Lamp Invented
32 Years Ago

Comes True

power—gave actually 80 candles of light from the same 100 watts.

This lamp almost materialized the Dream—but the filament was brittle and the cost was high.

Both these obstacles are now cleared away. First, a brilliant invention has resulted in the production of a drawn wire stronger than steel. This wire is used to make the filaments in Edison Mazda lamps.

The filament or "burner" in Edison Mazda lamps is so sturdy that hundreds of thousands are in use under severe and trying conditions, even for lighting railway trains and automobiles.

Next—of prime importance—the full advantage of the General Electric Com-

pany's reduced cost of manufacture has been given to the public.

And the present price of the perfected Edison Mazda lamp is about one-half that of the first, brittle tungsten lamp.

The Dream Comes True

So, with lower cost and a better lamp, Edison's dream of the Sun's Only Rival has come true. The waiting millions can be served now that electric light costs so little and does so much.

Now, you can have Electric Light in your home, your office, your store, your factory—at a price you have been waiting for, if you use the latest invention—Edison Mazda Lamps, made only by the General Electric Company.

***Buy these Lamps and see how Edison's Dream has come true for you
Sold by Electric Light Companies and Dealers everywhere***

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HELP WANTED**Companions and Domestic Helpers**

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EXPERIENCED managing housekeeper desires position. 6,553, Outlook.

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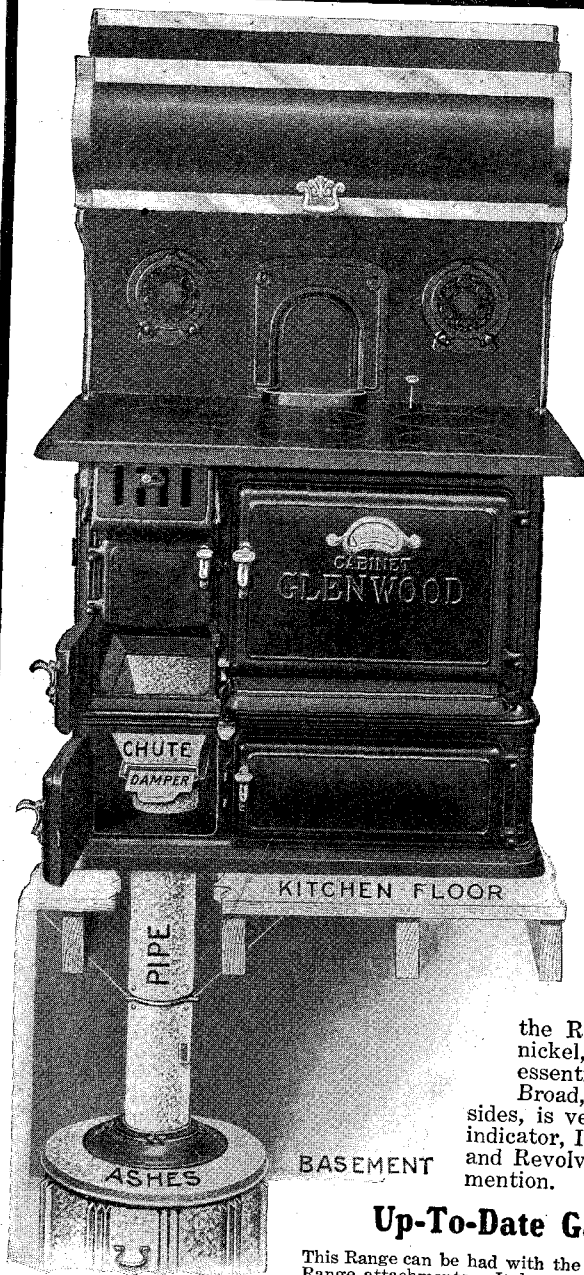
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